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The CIA and the Students

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMA



VOL. 89 NO. 8

[REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.]

If your wife loves fine furniture, and you value excellent stereo, this is the one to own! You may even win it.

What a beautiful way to listen to music. Perfect sound reproduction for the discriminating ear. For the eye, authentic period furniture. A Spanish Provincial Classic stereo with fine hand-carving and woods that glow as if they've had generations of polishing.

Inside, there's stereo with professionally balanced components. And an air-suspension speaker system like audiophiles brag about. And this speaker system is already balanced for you with a powerful amplifier that's engineered to match the capabilities of the speakers perfectly. There's

an extremely selective FM Stereo FM/AM tuner and the famous Dual Automatic Turntable.

Take your wife to any Sylvania dealer's and find out about Sylvania's Spring Styling Pageant. See the wide choice in Sylvania's Spring Collection. Enter the exciting sweepstakes. You may win the \$20,000 room of your dreams decorated by a famous interior designer, and the color TV or stereo of your choice. Or win one of 1000 other prizes. No purchase required.

If you win, you'll never want to hear the end of it!

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Classic stereo: Spanish Provincial in Pecan
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Air suspension speaker system.
100-Watt (E.I.A.) or transistor amplifier.

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To the man who'd like to make good home movies but doesn't know much about photography:

from Honeywell—the people who take the guesswork out of fine photography.

Ever sit through a home movie that was so bad, you wished for a power failure? We all have. But then, you've probably seen some friend's or relative's movies that were pretty good. Not quite as slick as those at the Bijou, but sharp and clear, smooth, and well exposed.

Perhaps, after seeing some good ones, you've thought you'd like to make home movies. The kind you can show with pride—to anyone. The kind that really let you relive pleasant memories of vacation trips and children growing up, and maybe some nice shots of football games or your wife on skis for the first time.

Good home movies aren't hard to make. You can make fine films even if you don't know much about photography. Because movies and snapshots are two different things, you don't have to be good with a still camera in order to make good home movies. The important thing is to choose the right movie camera.

Choosing the right camera. It's not fair to expect good movies from a \$50 camera. On the other hand, most people don't need a \$500 camera. You need something in between. A well-built, rea-

sonably priced camera that's easy to use and that delivers satisfying results. One with useful features but not a lot of gadgetry.

What features do you really need? First, you want a camera that uses Super 8 film. This is the new standard size that gives you a 50% bigger picture than old regular 8mm film for crisper, clearer movies. Then, to avoid wasting film, you will need accurate exposure control—preferably an automatic meter that reads through the camera's lens. The lens itself should be optically excellent, with no distortion, and it should not change the colors in your pictures.

You'll want power zoom—the ability to move from closeups to sweeping panoramic shots at the touch of a button. The camera's viewing system should be bright and clear, even for eyeglass wearers. Better cameras use a single-lens reflex system in which you view through the taking lens and film exactly what you see. A split-image rangefinder is desirable for easy focusing. Finally, your camera should be easy to load; it should have smooth electric drive for uninter-

rupted filming, and its controls should be arranged logically and conveniently.

Introducing the Honeywell Filmatic. Our Super 8 home movie camera has all these features. And then some. The Filmatic's power zoom lens is a precision f/1.8, with a full 4:1 zoom range of 9 to 36mm. Built into the camera is a battery test meter, and there's a protective rubber pad on the bottom of the camera to protect fine surfaces. And, if we may boast a bit, we think the Filmatic's design, workmanship, and ease of operation can't be equalled in its price range.

See this great camera at your Honeywell Dealer's! The Filmatic costs just \$219.50, complete with movie light bracket. Your local Honeywell Photographic Dealer will be glad to demonstrate it for you, so plan to visit him soon. Or, mail the coupon below for fully illustrated literature.

Three projectors in one! A perfect companion to the Filmatic camera, the versatile Honeywell Elmo Dual-8 Projector shows Super 8 movies flawlessly—converts in seconds to show your irreplaceable regular 8mm movies, too! Just \$179.50 with standard lens (\$199.50 with slow motion); \$199.50 with Zoom lens (\$219.50 with slow motion).



The Honeywell Elmo Filmatic: a fine new Super 8 camera for satisfying, easy-to-make home movies!

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Schick patent[®] 2492292

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Other patents pending...



10 new edges, not just 6. Ten new Schick Super Stainless Steel Edges in a continuous band.



Patented slotted band. Band holds four between two spools. Gives you the control and the comfort you want.



For a new shaving edge, just wind the lever on the cartridge. It's easy. Grade numbers are on the sides.



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Schick Science brings you the new cartridge-loaded Schick Band Razor. Inside the cartridge, not just six, but ten Schick Super Stainless Steel Edges coiled into one continuous shaving band.

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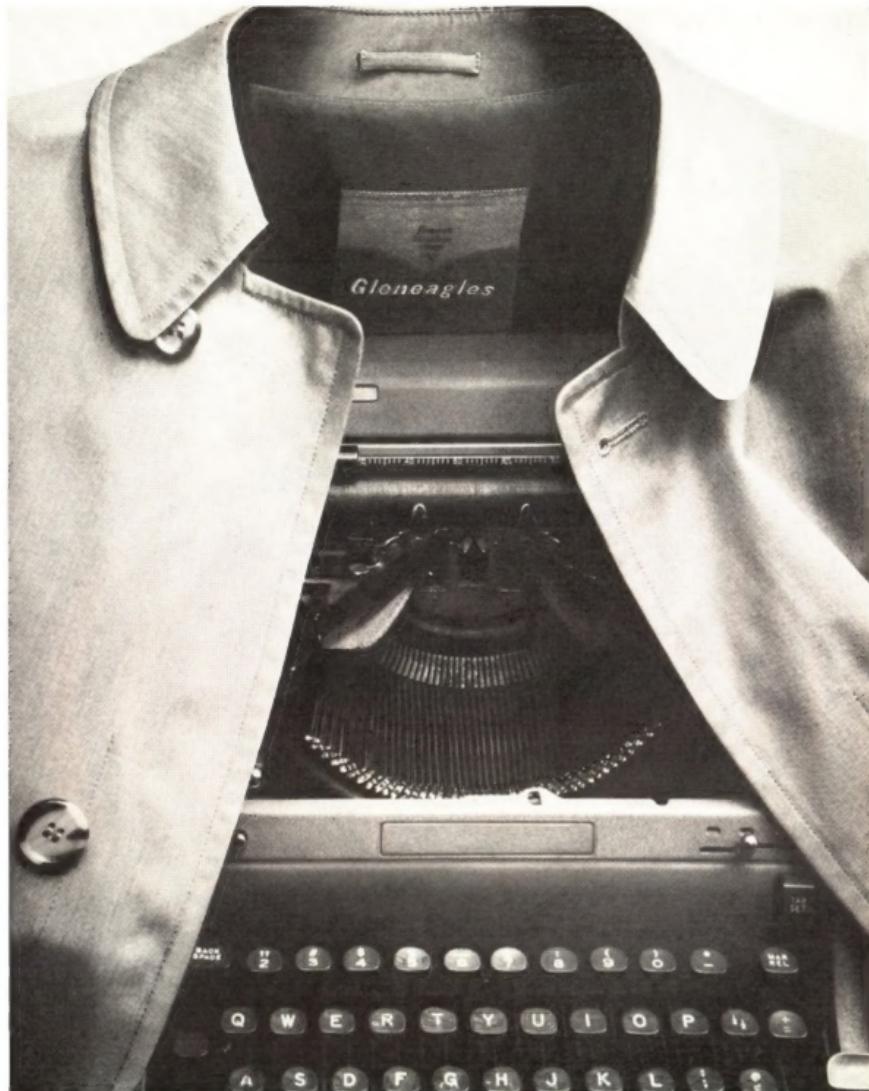
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not a typewriter.) The American Traveler, in 67% polyester—33% cotton genuine imported typewriter ribbon cloth. In Bamboo, Bone, Black and Navy for men, and a rainbow of colors for women. \$42.50 at better type stores (we couldn't resist that), or write Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York City.

Gleneagles

What do these people have in common?

(They all read between 1,200 and 2,300 words a minute)



Carl Pfeifer, bank teller. Once read 235 wpm. Now reads 1,268 wpm.



Joe Bailey, vice president. Once read 337 wpm. Now reads 1,238 wpm.



Michael Sobel, insurance counsellor. Once read 411 wpm. Now reads 1,776 wpm.



George Higgins, lawyer. Once read 492 wpm. Now reads 1,600 wpm.



Richard Altschuler, office manager. Once read 412 wpm. Now reads 1,729 wpm.



Peter Ciavarella, sales engineer. Once read 354 wpm. Now reads 1,747 wpm.



Mrs. R. F. Niemann, housewife. Once read 328 wpm. Now reads 1,500 wpm.



Joan Krater, hypnotist. Once read 306 wpm. Now reads 2,287 wpm.

*words per minute

George Higgins is a lawyer. Mrs. R. F. Niemann, a housewife. Carl Pfeifer is a bank teller. All of the people you see here have different backgrounds, different jobs, different interests in life.

What brought them together? Most of them like to read. Some of them have to read. And they all had the desire to read faster.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 22
THE ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.), "Take Her, She's Mine" (1963), Hollywood's version of the Broadway hit, with Sandra Dee as a flighty teen-ager and Jimmy Stewart as her dad.

Thursday, February 23

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein conducts *Washington's Birthday* and other works by Charles Ives (the man Lennie calls "our first great American composer").

ABC STAGE 67 (ABC, 10-11 p.m.), Maurice Chevalier and Diahann Carroll team up in "C'est la Vie," a Franco-American *entente cordiale* filmed in Paris.

Friday, February 24

CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:15 p.m.). The stage version folded before opening night, but the movie goes on and on: *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, starring Audrey Hepburn.

THE SONGMAKERS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). How to read the public taste and how to make a hit with it are the subjects; The Mamas and the Papas, Dionne Warwick, Simon and Garfunkel, and Songwriters Johnny Mercer and Burt Bacharach do the explaining.

Saturday, February 25

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Winter International Drag Racing Championships from Pomona, Calif., and the International Sled Dog Championship from Makaha Beach, Hawaii.

THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Bishop Fulton J. Sheen and Gene Kelly, among others, salute "the Great One" on his 51st birthday.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Don Murray and Inger Stevens are pawns of organized crime in *The Borgia Stick*. Another full-length movie gets its premiere on TV.

Sunday, February 26

CAPPELLA PAOLINA (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). Art Historian Leo Steinberg analyzes two Michelangelo frescoes in this special filmed in the Pauline and Sistine chapels in Rome. Repeat.

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). The North American Figure Skating Championships from Montreal.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Narrator Walter Cronkite, aided by unprecedented films of human reproductive cells and fetuses, makes a fascinating documentary of recent genetics discoveries in "The Mystery of Life."

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). All jazz breaks loose in the pastoral Belgian village of Comblain la Tour, site of last summer's International Jazz Festival, highlights of which are shown here. With Benny Goodman, Germany's Gunther Hampel Quintet, England's Long John Baldry.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A musical transplant of the fairy tale sets real people (Gene Kelly and Bobby Riba) and cartoon characters danc-

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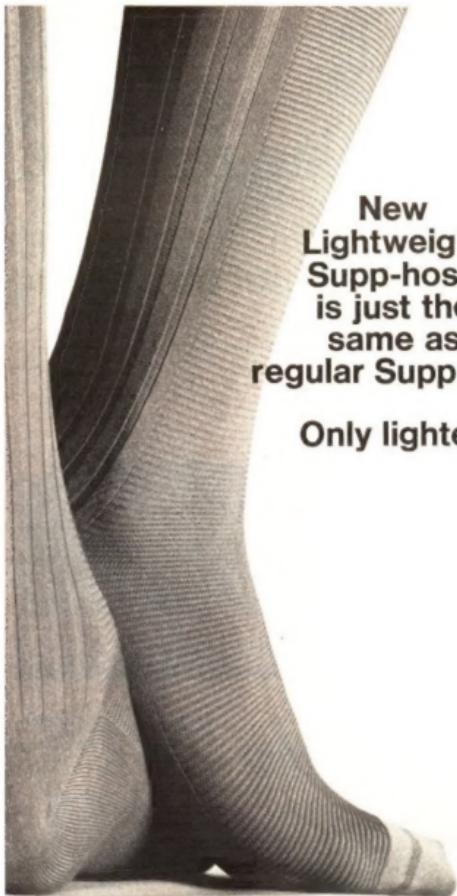
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ing to the jaunty songs of Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). The third and latest Hollywood edition of Somerset Maugham's autobiographical novel *Of Human Bondage* (1964) stars Kim Novak and Laurence Harvey.

Monday, February 27

IVAN IVANOVICH (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A visit to the Maltsevs of Rostov-on-Don offers a look at "the average Russian family" at home, at play, at work in the factory, and in the public schools.

Tuesday, February 28

THE MINISKIRT REBELLION (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Britain's Twiggy and Mod Designer Mary Quant, and Hollywood's Jill St. John and Chris Noel see boutique and discotheque action in a London to Los Angeles fashion tour.

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Tenement" follows the fortunes—such as they are—of nine Negro families in a Chicago slum, from last year's long, hot summer to their eviction early this month to make way for an urban renewal project.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "Ninety Days," a BBC production, recreates the horror and outrage of a white South African journalist who is imprisoned for a "crime" that is never explained by the authorities.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). Lotte Lenya sings the compositions of her late husband in "The World of Kurt Weill," while telling the life story of the composer whose music is equally at home on the opera stage and in the lowliest dive.

THEATER
On Broadway

BLACK COMEDY. What people do, say and discover in the dark, is the single droll conceit on which Peter Shaffer's convulsively amusing farce is based. An acrobatically agile cast, including Michael Crawford, Geraldine Page and Lynn Redgrave bring the monkeys shirines to a high polish.

THE HOMECOM'NG is the season's most tantalizing drama, by Harold Pinter, who prods and arouses with the twin-tined fork of shock and humor. Vivien Merchant leads the Royal Shakespeare Company through a harmonious, moody production in which even the pauses and silences are eloquent.

THE WILD DUCK. Although dedicated to candor in human relations, Henrik Ibsen also recognized that while it may be just to deal with men for what they are, it is often kinder to consider what they wish they could be. In its revival of the 1884 drama, the APA troupe performs with more precision than passion.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT. Michael Flanders and Donald Swann will break into still-another diverting ditty such as that non-classic *The Gasman Cometh*, or let go with a bit of lopsided logic: "If you put a baby in the bath and it turns red, it's too hot for your elbow."

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL and RIGHT YOU ARE are studies of one of the most active and lethal parts of the human anatomy, the wagging tongue. In Richard Sheridan's high comedy, a hive of busybodies is undone. In Luigi Pirandello's philosophical drama, a nest of vipers invades the pri-

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He can actually feel the difference in his skin.
Feeling that invisible plastic coating baked onto
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And he knows that he'll never again go
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Don't you tell
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vacy of a family and destroys the tenuous balance of their lives. The APA again.

Off Broadway

EM? The hero of Henry Living's farce is ideologically idiotic. Sample: "I'm satisfactory, all right. Always been satisfactory. All my school reports satisfactory, satisfactory, satisfactory." "Satis" meaning enough. "Factory" meaning works. Satisfactory. Had enough of work."

AMERICA HURRAH is composed of three hypodermic playlets by Jean-Claude van Itallie, who plunges through the surface of the American way of life to hit the raw network of nerves on which it runs.

RECORDS

Spreading the Word

THE IRISH UPRISEING (CBS, Legacy). The story of the Irish rebellion against England from 1916 to 1922, a struggle that W. B. Yeats said had "a terrible beauty." The beauty is here reborn in the narration of Charles Kuralt, in the memories of the rebellion's survivors, and in the ballads of the time and the place, sung by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem.

MIRACLES (Caedmon). The title is the judgment of this anthology of beautifully wrought poems by English-speaking children in all parts of the world. Whether the subject is 2,000,000 fish or simply the wind and the rain, the insights are as fresh as childhood itself. Read with the proper amalgam of wonder and authority by Julie Harris and Roddy McDowall.

THE ART OF LOVE (Vanguard). A surprisingly tasteful blend of erotica and exotica as Saeed Jaffrey, an Indian actor who has been seen on Broadway (*A Passage to India*), reads his own translation of the *Kama Sutra*—the classic Hindu celebration of sex—against a background of shimmering Indian music.

THE BALCONY (Caedmon). Jean Genet's decadence has enjoyed a worldwide vogue since the beginning of the decade; this *Balcony* view of the world shows why. Even minus the trappings of the bordello in which it takes place, the effect remains undiminished in vengeance and comic force. Read by a superlative cast including Pamela Brown, Patrick Magee, Cyril Cusack and a gifted English company.

LOVE FOR LOVE (RCA Victor). Another all-English cast, this time with an all-English play. *Love for Love* is hardly the finest flower of the Restoration, but as performed by the National Theater of Great Britain, Congreve's period piece blossoms into fine, bawdy fare. The credit is divided between Director Peter Wood and Sir Laurence Olivier, who as the dim-witted Tattle makes every line shine.

THE CONTROVERSY (Capitol). With lofty disdain, this report decryes the "scavengers" who continue to profit by President Kennedy's assassination and its aftermath. But it joins the very group it pretends to despise by presenting little more than a rehash of old tapes of the four black days in Dallas, a mishmash of Warren Report detractors, and the smuggled-out bedside interview with Jack Ruby shortly before he died. The interview, like the record, is shabby and unrevealing.

CINEMA

LA GUERRE EST FINIE Director Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, mon Amour*) explores the mind of an old-guard Spanish Civil War Communist (Yves Montand).

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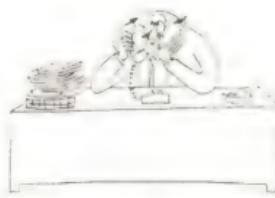
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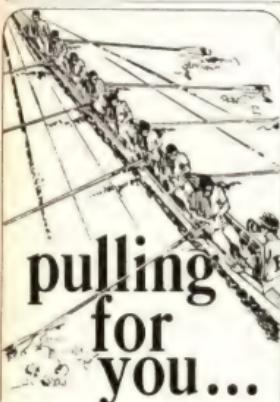
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and builds a biography that may be overly literary but never tedious.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW. Writer-Director Francis Ford Coppola, 27, exudes energy, freshness and promise in his first major film—a wacky farce about a Little Boy Blue (Peter Kastner) who turns out to be as green as they come when he tries to paint the town red.

BLOW-UP. Italy's anatomist of melancholy, Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*), moves his cameras to London, where he commences by filming the mad scene with abandon and then, in mid-flight, abruptly transforms an ingenious thriller into an opaque parable. The result is one of the most talked about and popular films around.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Robert Bolt's hit play about Sir Thomas More has been made into a brilliant film for all seasons by Director Fred Zinnemann and a notable cast led by Paul Scofield.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FUTILE LIFE OF PITO PEREZ, by José Rubén Romero. A great Mexican classic gets its first English translation. Pito Perez is a south-of-the-border Everyman, and his story illuminates the national character of Mexico.

THE LAST ONE LEFT, by John D. MacDonald. Murder at sea, mayhem on land, and skulduggery everywhere in this tantalizingly told story by one of America's masters of suspense.

PAPER LION, by George Plimpton. The author makes his personal dream come true for the reader too; his account of playing as a temporary member of the Detroit Lions pro football club puts even fun on the bench right behind the coaches.

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. The founding father of black humor in a new and splendidly guilty translation of his classic about the bitter, unbrokeable orphan whose horrific childhood and nornage were a lugubrious epic of squalor, filth, misery and hatred.

THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, by Vance Bourjaily. A civilized and affecting fictional account of how the generation closest to J.F.K. in age and aspirations took his death.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (1 last week)
2. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (2)
3. *The Birds Fall Down*, West (3)
4. *The Mask of Apollo*, Renault (4)
5. *The Captain*, Dz. Hartog (9)
6. *Valley of the Dolls*, Susann (5)
7. *Tai-Pan*, Clavel (7)
8. *All in the Family*, O'Connor (6)
9. *The Fixer*, Malamud (8)
10. *Five Smooth Stones*, Fairbairn

NONFICTION

1. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (1)
2. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (3)
3. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (2)
4. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (4)
5. *Gomes People Play*, Berne (6)
6. *Rush to Judgment*, Lane (5)
7. *The Boston Strangler*, Frank (8)
8. *Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (7)
9. *Winston S. Churchill*, Churchill (9)
10. *How to Avoid Probate*, Dacey (10)

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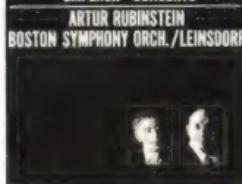
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Artur Rubinstein
Boston Symphony Orchestra
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Beethoven
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LETTERS

Argument Over Abortion

Sir: "The Rights and Wrongs of Abortion" [Feb. 10] prompts these comments: The Catholic Church is entitled to set rules for those in the church, but to interfere in the legislative process is carrying missionary work too far.

The mores on abortion undoubtedly date from the days when man's life span was but 20 to 35 years, and it may have been a wise rule for the preservation of the race. Such a reason is no longer valid.

It is not strange that the firmest opposition comes from celibates who perhaps do not know with what casualness life is often conceived. The ease of begetting and avoiding the consequences should be proportionate.

When wartime killing is condoned, when there are rules on how soldiers may be killed, when we have legalized killing periods (between holiday truces), the argument about abortion becomes ludicrous. We probably have men sharing the same jail, one for "murdering" an unborn fetus, the other for refusing to go out and kill men in war. What hypocrisy!

GUNTHER STEINBERG

Meno Park, Calif.

Sir: Abortion "flatly condemned" by the Catholic Church "since its earliest years"? No. Up until the 19th century, the Church considered the male fetus "non-animate" for 40 days after conception (80 days for the female); abortion during this period was treated lightly. In 1869, a theory of "immediate animation" was advanced; abortion was thenceforth regarded as immoral from the instant of conception.

BETH MURPHY

New Haven, Conn.

Sir: It is not only Catholics who believe a fetus is human life; it is a medical fact. The tiniest embryos swim in their watery environment. At 18 days their hearts beat. By 6 weeks their major bodily systems are in various stages of development, and they can be perceived as human. Unborn babies twist, kick, drink—even cry and suck their thumbs occasionally. Since they are alive from the moment of conception and recognizably human soon afterwards, is it not doubletalk to deny that they are human lives?

MARY K. STINE

Pepperell, Mass.

Man from Mass.

Sir: Your excellent cover story conveys Massachusetts' sentiments on Senator Edward Brooke [Feb. 17]. The key factors in his success are his ability, integrity and dynamic personality. He has taught Massachusetts citizens to be color blind. I hope he will teach the nation to be so.

MORTON H. ARONSON

Needham, Mass.

Sir: Brooke's election doesn't seem to signify anything for the dark Negro. Brooke is more white than colored and is alienated from the average Negro by his financial, environmental and marital status. To me, a Northern-raised Negro, it is saddening that to prosper in white America, one must be close to what is accepted as the all-American white citizen.

JEAN BURTON

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: In furthering the Negro cause, Senator Edward Brooke is worth a thousand

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militant civil rights workers. We in Massachusetts are very proud of him.

AYLCE M. O'SULLIVAN
Boston

What Goes Up Must Come Down

Sir: Both scientists and the public derive a benefit from the space program that your Essay "Why Should Man Go to the Moon?" [Feb. 10] does not mention. For more than 50 years, scientists have been crying for support of basic research, not for what it produces immediately but for what it ultimately provides for society's betterment. The space program should be our great teacher in this. It is the first case of widespread support of science by the public, and already the public is being made aware of the benefit it will derive. Ironically, some of the same scientists who in earlier, leaner days were crying for support of science by the Government are opposed to the space program, perhaps because they do not happen to be space scientists. They must come to realize that what benefits a segment of science benefits all science.

PAUL L. GARWIG
Non-Space Chemist
Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Nothing you say dispels my conviction that the space program is only a sophisticated WPA. The prime objective seems to be to answer the question of a curious few, "What's out there?" Well, I don't care what's out there and I don't care if the moon is made of green cheese, and no doubt there are tens of millions who don't care either. If A.T.&T. or G.M. or any of the other giants wish to exploit space, that is their prerogative. I don't care to see my tax dollars going up in smoke from a launching pad.

WALTER GODSWORTHY
Chicago

Sir: There are those who feel we have a moral obligation to eliminate poverty before going to the moon. But if the human race had waited for the elimination of poverty before expending energy on exploration and innovation, we would all still be living in caves.

STEPHEN R. SCHULZE
Rahway, N.J.

Orient Express

Sir: As we would say in Japan, *omote-to-gozominamu!* After seven years of residence there as the daughter of a former American diplomat, I would like to thank you for a job well done in your cover story on Japan's Sato [Feb. 10].

MARIA ELENA DUR

Manhattan

Sir: As a man knowledgeable in the visual arts, I have found most of your covers lacking in originality and style. In fact, I felt they did not reflect the quality of the printed matter within the covers. But the cover from the brilliant woodcut of the Japanese Premier by Kuioshi Saito is tops in every way. It is eye-appealing, it makes a statement.

JO MIELZINER

Manhattan

Sir: Saito's Sato is a masterpiece deserving better than the slick superficiality of the cover story. One example: to label the Japanese Self-Defense Forces as "something of a joke in an Asia that teems with massive armies" is pure claptrap. Japan's military potential, compared with that of other Asian countries, as well as that of

all but a very few of the countries of the world, makes its small but excellent land, sea and air forces about as funny as a pocket battleship.

WALTER K. HIGGINS

Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.A.
Silver Spring, Md.

A Federal Case

Sir: Those of us who believe that adaptation of the federal concept at the world level is the way to secure peace do not appreciate your statement in "Regional Groupings—Islands of Hope" [Feb. 3] that "the dream of global union among all nations is as remote and utopian as ever."

We think it is ultimately practical and not utopian to think of giving a restructured U.N. some appropriate morsel to do its assigned task. We recognize that it would be foolhardy to transfer power to the General Assembly as it is constituted, but this should not keep us from researching the question of what the U.N. should be like in order to have a fair chance of fulfilling the hopes of people everywhere for a secure peace with freedom and justice.

ARNOLD S. ZANDER

President

United World Federalists
Washington, D.C.

Worth Investigating

Sir: About "Researching Racial Inferiority?" [Feb. 3]. One can hardly scan a list of the leading baseball hitters, the rosters of professional basketball teams, or look at our representatives in the Olympic dash events without wondering if, in fact, there are differences in the genetic makeup of races. If there are such differences with respect to athletic ability, there may well be differences in other characteristics, characteristics that may be contributing to the ghetto problem. If there is any prejudice with respect to Shockley's theories, it is on the part of those who refuse to admit that they may be worth investigating. Those who belittle the issue by crying "prejudice" are not unlike their counterparts of a few centuries ago who accused Galileo of being a heretic for questioning the approved "facts" of his day.

W. H. RYAN

Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

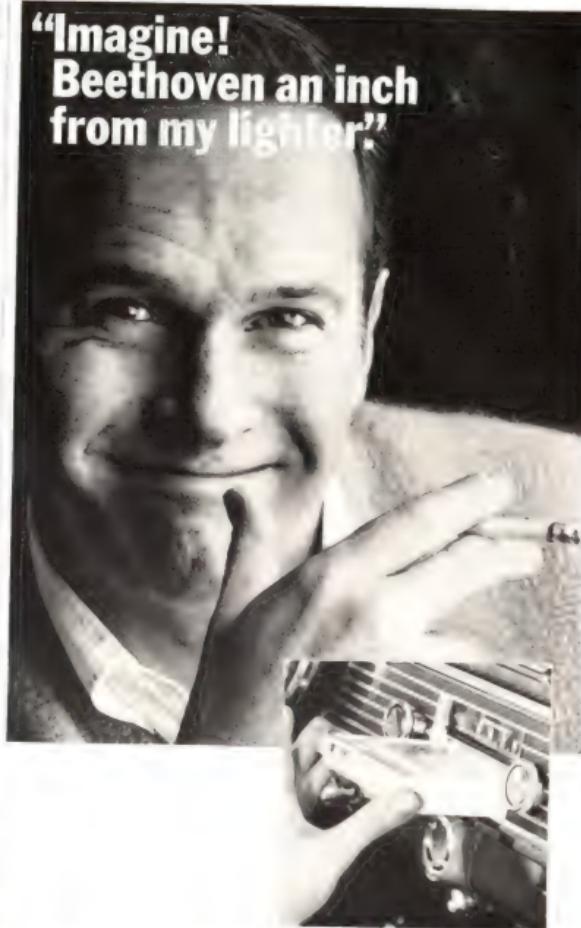
Total Involvement

Sir: Reviewing *Rush to Judgment* [Feb. 10], the documentary made by Emile Antonini and me, you say that the film consists of interviews with persons "peripherally involved" in the events at Dallas.

"Peripherally involved"? The film shows interviews with the closest spectators to the limousine when the fatal shot was fired, with three railroad employees who viewed the assassination from the railroad bridge just in front of and above the limousine, with the former Dallas police officer who saw Ruby enter the basement just before he killed Oswald, with a witness to the scene of the Tippit killing who indicates that two men may have been involved in that murder, with the photographer who took motion pictures of the assassination as the shots were fired, with Ruby's former bartender and his former bandleader, both of whom testified to his intimate relationship with the Dallas police, with the one person authorized to be behind the wooden screen from which some shots were fired.

The Warren Commission also felt that those who saw what was inconvenient for its preconceived conclusion were "peripher-

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eral." You may not be in good company, but you are not entirely alone.

MARK LANE

Nykobing, Denmark

Canadian Catechism

Sir: Our offices have received many protests about "Roman Catholic from Rote to Reality" [Feb. 17] because it neglects the source of "Come to the Father." The first three years of the series originated in Quebec with a team of French Canadian authors. It was adapted into an English version by a team of English Canadian catechists who have now joined their French brothers in the writing of grades 4, 5 and 6. This is the version used in the U.S. In Canada it is referred to as the Canadian Catechism.

(THE REV.) CLAUDE MICHAUD

Director

Office Nationale de Catechisme

(THE REV.) GERRY FITZPATRICK

Director

National Office of Religious Education
Ottawa

Advice for Counsel

Sir: Legal morality—if it ever existed in the U.S.—is dead, as your story on Edward Bennett Williams [Feb. 10] proves. Lawyers are not concerned with the guilt or innocence of their clients but with what "mistakes" the police or prosecution have made and what angles can be played to spring the guy—all in the name of constitutional rights. The result: not a trial to determine justice, but a game. No onus descends on Williams when he frees a guilty client for technical reasons; he gets praise, money and prestige for defeating justice. Isn't it time that lawyers, before admission to the bar, take a sort of Hippocratic oath that when clients admit their guilt to them, they will advise the clients to plead guilty?

JOHN W. HERPEL

Morristown, N.J.

Right to Work

Sir: Your review of the book on Chambers and Hess [Feb. 10] is TIME-wise, amazingly unrefined. You appear to rest your case on the lushest that dead men shouldn't be slandered, ho, hum, as if TIME had grown blind and strong on Confucianist milk. Who *now* work out a dead man—if that is what he deserved from a history he malevolently affected? Surely the point is that the author of this filthy act of vampirism deserves the contempt not only of those who would speak no evil of the dead, but of those who applaud such lonely acts of disinterested heroism as were performed by the social philanthropist whose name once graced your masthead.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Swanen, Switzerland

Knowing One's Onions

Sir: TIME's Julia Child cover story [Nov. 25] reported that the Shallots of the Month Club charges \$9 a month for 3 1/4 lbs. of shallots. Actually, the price is \$9 a year for twelve shipments of 3 1/4 lbs. each. The high price you erroneously quoted has discouraged potential customers. And because the error was copied by a French paper, it has become impossible for us to get shallots from France: their price demands became atrocious, so we finally had to buy shallots from Holland and Belgium.

RAYMOND SAUFROY

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Jean R. Shafley

WE call it the United States. And we're bound together by our Constitution and our language. Yet, in many ways, we're a group of separate kingdoms. Our land grows palm trees and pine, redwoods and beach palm, vanishing Key deer and whooping cranes. Our people say 'you all' and 'youse'; catch shrimp and sell stocks; live in lean-tos, skyscrapers and stucco bungalows. There's never been such a fiercely diverse land."

So say the editors of TIME-LIFE Books in introducing a new series devoted to summarizing and displaying this diversity. The opening volume in the TIME-LIFE Library of America, out this week, is *The Pacific States*, covering California, Oregon and Washington. The author is Neil Morgan, a Californian who in 1963 published *Westward Tilt*, a much-acclaimed study of the region. TIME-LIFE's *The Pacific States* contains maps, travel and nature information, museum listings. Above all, it contains an account of "the restless edge of American society"—an edge that we at TIME have often explored. In his preface, Poet-Critic Kenneth Rexroth writes: "The inhabitants of the Pacific Coast are in the from rank of a world revolution that will make a far greater difference in human life than either the French or the Russian revolutions, or both of them together."

The Library of America will total twelve volumes and cover all 50 states, region by region (further information is available from TIME-LIFE Books, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611). Consulting editor for the series is Pulitzer Prize-winner Oscar Handlin, Winthrop Professor of History at Harvard. The second volume, *The Heartland*, written by TIME Associate Editor Robert McLaughlin, covers Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin. It will be published in March, and Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, for one, is already excited about it.



NEW SERIES' OPENING VOLUMES

He writes: "This book will stimulate an awareness that the Heartland's history is neither dull nor dead, but an exciting tribute to the people of the region—a people who are a little less than the angels, but always trying to do better."

THREE times a week, a four-minute news program called *View from the 33rd Floor* is heard in 40 countries throughout the world. The 33rd floor is in Manhattan's Time & Life Building, where Jim Alberse prepares and tapes the broadcasts.

An English professor at Fordham University before he came to TIME-LIFE International two decades ago, Alberse draws on the current issues of TIME for much of his material. A nominal charge is made for the service to commercial radio stations. It is free to the 265 college stations that use it, and to the 295 outlets of the Armed Forces Radio abroad.

Another program run by Alberse and distributed on much the same basis is *With Me Today*, a 15-minute, biweekly interview with newsmakers and news reporters. Visiting Time Inc. correspondents regularly turn up to discuss issues and events. Outside guests have ranged from Poet Paul Engle to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge to Restaurateur Howard Johnson. Says Alberse: "The programs are as varied as TIME itself—and often as unpredictable."

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 24, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 8

THE NATION

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Silent Service

[See Cover]

What enables the wise sovereign and the good general to strike and conquer, and achieve things beyond the reach of ordinary men, is foreknowledge.

—Sun Tzu, 6th Century B.C.

Chinese military theorist

Inside a U.S. satellite flashing around the earth at 17,000 m.p.h., supersensitive instruments intercept and flick back to Virginia a radio message between Moscow and a Soviet submarine in the Pacific. In Laos, an American listens attentively to the words of a cocktail waiter, then slips him a bar of silver. In an office of the U.S. embassy in Bonn, a round Sovietologist digests a stack of reports that may originate from any one of a thousand sources—a barber in East Berlin, a whorehouse madam in Vienna, a U.S. electronics salesman in Darmstadt, an Eastern European propaganda broadside. At an airfield on Taiwan, a black U-2 reconnaissance plane with a Nationalist Chinese pilot at the controls soars off the runway, bound for skies 55 miles above Red China on a photographic mission.

Such is the spider-web scope and space-age sophistication of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, the nation's deep-secret seeker of foreknowledge in the dim, cold demi-world of international intelligence. CIA is America's chief combatant in what Secretary of State Dean Rusk calls "a tough struggle going on in the back alleys all over the world, never-ending war, and there's no quarter asked and none given."

Cacophony of Protest. So cloaked and gagged was CIA's operation that a majority of Americans cannot recite even its most dramatic feats; its pinpoint reporting about day-by-day developments leading to the explosion of Red China's first nuclear device, its brilliant success in wiretapping Soviet army headquarters in East Berlin, its nick-of-time revelation in 1962 that Russian missile bases were abuilding in Cuba. Even more mysterious to most Americans than CIA itself is its director, Richard McGarragh Helms, 53, an intense, con-

trolled, self-effacing professional who holds one of the most delicate and crucial posts in official Washington—and whose name has yet to appear in *Who's Who in America*. Dick Helms has been, in Washington parlance, a "spook" for nearly 25 years. He is a veteran of some of the agency's most labyrinthine operations—from masterminding double

the emotionalism of young Americans who worship honesty. It aroused the outrage of many in the academic community who—mistakenly—regard CIA as an evil manipulator of foreign policy. And the furor showed again how readily Americans, who, while seldom acknowledging the quiet and generally successful performance of their intelligence com-



STUDENTS ARRIVING FOR WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL IN MOSCOW (1957)

Once again, a spotlight on the tightrope of paradoxes.

agents working at the very heart of Kremlin intelligence to supervising covert U.S. operations that kept the Congo out of Communist control.

Yet no amount of expertise in back-alley battling or electronic espionage could have prepared Helms or CIA for the cacophony of protest that arose last week over yet another facet of U.S. intelligence—the agency's undercover funding of American and international students' associations.

The controversy once again spotlighted the shadowy tightrope of paradoxes that the Helmsmen must walk in the interests of a nation that cherishes openness and fair play. The debate pitted the Puritan ethic against the pragmatism of cold-war survival. It matched the conspiratorial methods necessarily practiced by intelligence agencies against

munity, will howl their indignation at the first hint of misjudgment.

"Sinister Specter." The story—and the storm—broke early in the week when *Ramparts*, the sensation-seeking New Left-leaning monthly, took full-page newspaper ads to trumpet an article scheduled for its March issue that would "document" how CIA "infiltrated and subverted the world of American student leaders." The story, according to *Ramparts*, was a "case study in the corruption of youthful idealism," and would prove that "CIA owes the youth of this country an apology." CIA's involvement with the academic community has been a target of *Ramparts* before: an article last April lambasted Michigan State University for providing cover for five CIA agents during a federally financed project to train South

Accomplished by digging and wiring a tunnel from West to East Berlin, which caved in only because East German street laborers inadvertently hit a weak spot while working on a routine job in 1956.

Vietnamese policemen. Predictably, its 10,000-word article on the U.S. National Student Association was larded with pejorative clichés about "the sinister specter" of CIA mixing with a student group.

Factually at least, the piece was essentially accurate. NSA, the nation's largest student organization, represents the campus governments of some 300 colleges. It arranges hundreds of foreign trips and wide-ranging student exchange programs, and holds an annual National Student Congress to debate a few domestic issues and countless international questions ranging from "Whither Africa?" to "How Now, Chairman Mao?" The association was founded in 1947 by 24 American campus leaders, including White House Aide Douglass

along; its representatives continued to attend a series of international student rallies. Invariably, they found themselves outmaneuvered, outshouted and outfinanced by Communist student organizations that went out of their way to impress delegates from the underdeveloped, uncommitted nations of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

PPPM. The U.S., as leader of the free world, could not comfortably sit by while Moscow made its grandstand play for the imaginations and loyalties of the world's youth. National student organizations were proliferating everywhere, and in 1950, NSA and 20 other groups formed the International Student Conference as the West's counterweight to the aggressive International Union of Students, a Communist-subsidized youth

U.S. Youth Council in New York. Over the past 15 years, funds were donated to one organization or another in the name of the Independence Foundation, the J. Frederick Brown Foundation, and the Sidney and Esther Rabh Charitable Foundation, all of Boston, the San Jacinto Fund of Houston, the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs of New York. In several cases, the forms that tax-exempt foundations are required to submit as public records with the Internal Revenue Service were strangely missing from the files of discreet offices.

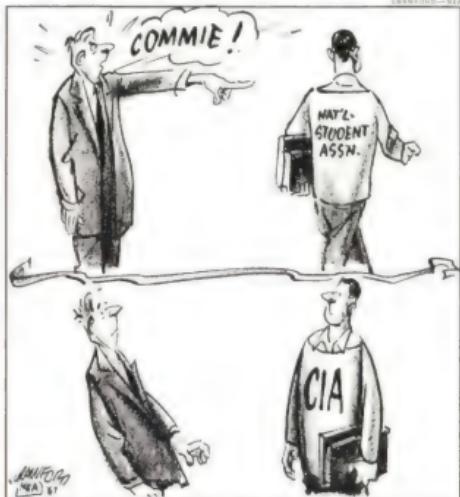
The San Jacinto Fund has neither a listed phone nor an office address, operates out of the office of an accountant. Others, too, proved to be desk-drawer operations—without staff, office space or listed telephone numbers. Dummy fronts or not, these foundations over the past 15 years had contributed as much as 80% of NSA's budget.

Ignored Success. From the first, the operation was supposed to be accomplished with characteristic CIA attention to secrecy. Only NSA presidents (who serve one-year terms) and a couple of other top officers were told about the arrangement. They were required to sign a national-security pledge that they would never reveal that information—at the risk of a maximum 20-year prison sentence for violating its terms. Over the years, NSA actually did have dribs of cash coming from the Ford and Rockefeller foundations, as well as from the State Department, but CIA was by far the most generous banker.

The CIA money was earmarked for the international program only, but the agency made no attempt to influence the students' policies. In the years since the CIA fund began, NSA has taken many vigorous anti-Administration stands: it castigated the U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic and has consistently condemned Viet Nam policy. Some critics argue that the State Department should have supplied the heavy financing, but NSA as a result might have been much more restricted in its independence of expression. The CIA-NSA arrangement seemed to be mutually profitable.

The students finally had the money to carry out their growing foreign exchange programs. CIA was able to guarantee first-class student representation at international affairs. The fulminations against CIA last week were based largely on the assumption that students had been "manipulated" for espionage purposes, but most critics chose to ignore the success of NSA delegations in representing the U.S. abroad with vigor, eloquence and sophistication.

The Firm. Even in 1965, there were growing rumors among many students that most of NSA's money was coming from the Federal Government. CIA had not yet been publicly fingered as the association's moneybags, but the State Department was a subject of dark suspicion. That year, NSA President-to-be-



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF HOW THINGS DO CHANGE
Nothing in the desk drawer but cash.

Carter, then a recent Harvard graduate, after a trip to the 1946 World Student Congress in Prague, where lavishly financed Communist groups stole the show; one of their organizers was Kom-somol Leader Aleksandr Shelepin, who was later to head the Soviet internal security agency.

From its inception, NSA had financial problems: membership dues were minimal (they still add no more than \$18,000 to an annual budget of some \$800,000). Private foundations were not enthusiastic about contributing, partly because in those Red-scare days NSA was thought to be too left-wing; the House Un-American Activities Committee even planted two agents among student association delegates to the 1962 Helsinki World Youth Festival. Nevertheless, NSA managed to limp

front. The logical instrument of U.S. policy was CIA. The agency institutionalized its direct financial support of NSA under its PPPM (Psychological, Political and Paramilitary) program, in 1952. William Denitzer, now a U.S. AID director in Peru, was the NSA president that year, and he made the deal whereby CIA would secretly funnel cash into the NSA treasury through agencies of private pipelines.

The use of front foundations to handle CIA money is an old technique. More than a score of obscure philanthropies have turned out to be contributors of millions to free-world student groups, notably the World Assembly of Youth in Brussels, the International Student Conference, which is headquartered in The Netherlands, the Independent Research Service in Washington, and the

Philip Sherburne, a graduate of the University of Oregon, was invited to a room at Arlington's Marriott Motor Hotel. Two CIA men met him for what had become an annual routine for top NSA officials: they told him that he would have access to important facts about the organization if he would sign the security pledge. He agreed. First, he learned that he had been judged "witty" (CIA jargon for the one who passes security clearance) and second, that nearly all of NSA's funds came from "the firm" (code slang for CIA).

That struck the idealistic young Sherburne as all wrong and "destructive of a democratic organization." He decided to try to dig up money for NSA elsewhere. He hired eight young staffers, told them he had just enough money to pay their salaries for two months, and sent them out to solicit funds so they could keep their jobs. Eventually, they managed to raise \$400,000, including some \$180,000 from the Office of Economic Opportunity, to coordinate a program for tutoring deprived children.

As Sherburne's term of office came to an end in mid-1966, he felt he had accomplished everything necessary to clean up the CIA situation once and for all. He had even negotiated a cagey deal whereby the CIA-linked Independence Foundation agreed to turn over its lease on a converted stone house to NSA for 15 years—without mentioning to the agency that he was about to sever their connection.

Big Brotherism Sherburne made one little slip. He broke his secrecy pledge to confess the CIA connection to one of his staff men—red-haired, New Leftist Michael Wood, 24, from California's Pomona College. Wood insisted that Sherburne make a dramatic public renunciation of the CIA ties. Sherburne refused, arguing reasonably enough that the relationship was about to end and that nothing would be gained by stirring up a storm. Wood compiled a 50-page letter to *Ramparts*, which then embarked on a two-month investigation of the CIA-NSA liaison.

Sherburne and the current NSA president, Rhodes Scholar Eugene Groves, 23, tried to dissuade *Ramparts* from printing the article. The CIA was not very happy either, and put heavy pressure on NSA men to deny whatever the magazine published. Gene Groves refused, called a press conference and admitted all—adding that NSA's connection with CIA had been terminated. The State Department also issued a stiff little corroboration that NSA had been subsidized since the early 1950s.

Almost instantly, there arose a chorus of indignation against "Big Brotherism." "It is a poisonous business," said Harvard College Dean John Monroe; "Something very important in our national life, the real independence and freedom of our institutions, has been brought into question." Cried Minnesota's Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy, a longtime CIA critic: "Where



FORMER N.S.A. PRESIDENT SHERBURN
A witty deal.

do you draw the line? Is it all right for the CIA to tell us that 'everything goes'? This is what Hitler said. Where do we put a stop to all this?"

Up to Pittsburgh? President Johnson resorted to the hoary political expedient of naming a committee. CIA Director Helms, Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach, and Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner were appointed to review the operations of the CIA and other Government agencies to see if they "endanger the integrity and independence of the educational community." The President's action was not calculated to defend the agency. Grimed one of the agency's old-timers: "The CIA has become a dirty household word; it's become fashionable to knock it. Maybe we ought to just give headquarters to the Defense Department for an annex and go up to Pittsburgh, rent an apartment and start all over again."



N.S.A. PRESIDENT GROVES
A firm admission.

In fact, CIA's funding of NSA, although legally well within its mandate, was not the agency's unilateral decision. New York Senator Robert Kennedy, who was fully aware of all intelligence operations while he was Attorney General, said last week that the CIA money funnel was an act "of the Government itself acting through a representative of the President." True enough. Three Presidents—Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson—knew all along about the CIA-NSA contract.

No Abracadabra. A good deal of the protest over spies and scholars seemed less than realistic—and somewhat surprising, considering that the majority of the younger critics have practically been raised on the glamour fiction of James Bond, Alec Leamas and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* At any rate, the CIA-NSA alliance never was based on any kind of abracadabra espionage.

Says Dennis Shaul, 28, an Akron attorney who was NSA president in 1962-63: "If I were president now, I would continue to accept CIA funds. CIA had nothing to do with how the money was spent; there were no strings on us." Writer Gloria Steinem, an official of the Independent Research Service in the late '50s when it was CIA-funded, actually considered the agency's support beneficial: "The CIA's most important impact was that it made us unafraid to go ahead and do what we thought was right. It increased, not diminished, our freedom of action."

Allen Dulles, who was CIA director from 1953 to 1961 and drew up a blueprint for operating the agency after it was created in 1947, said last week that the NSA money was well spent as counter-Communist propaganda at youth conferences. "The Soviets had to retreat in this area," he said. "The conferences weren't paying off any more." Innocuous as its NSA contributions may have been, CIA might well have foreseen the possibility of trouble ahead: it could have canceled its subsidy program in the early '60s when East-West student confrontations had subsided.

In the wake of the NSA flap, it was also disclosed last week that CIA has been pumping money into international labor organizations, which have set themselves the laudable task of bringing fair labor standards and union democracy to underdeveloped nations. Among the labor groups identified as agency dependents was the international division of the American Newspaper Guild. Oddly enough, press pundits could not seem to raise the same kind of uproar over CIA involvement in their own union as they did over its supposed subversion of youth.

At any rate, the academic community's hand-wringing over the suspicious color of CIA money spent for national security did not seem wholly justified. There is hardly a university in the nation that does not accept—indeed depend on—hefty grants from the Defense Department. CIA itself uses dozens

ens of scholars and university specialists as consultants. In 1951, CIA gave—directly and without masquerade—\$300,000 to finance M.I.T.'s topflight Center for International Studies. Until last spring, M.I.T. continued to accept agency funds, then terminated the contract "for practical, not moral reasons."

Why? Indeed, Max Millikan, the sage director of M.I.T.'s International Center, frowned on the surge of CIA-phobia. "The number of my friends around here who have swallowed this 'invisible government' line is disturbing," he said. "They think there is an entirely separate foreign policy being concocted by people in dark corners. When they say that this kind of work is immoral, what they're saying is that it's immoral to have anything to do with telling the President what the world is really like."

Nevertheless, almost every time CIA calls attention to itself, there is a spate of demands that it be reviewed, reformed or removed. As a CIA man pointed out wryly last week, such criticism can only lead to great jubilation in the halls of Moscow's KGB, Department D—for Disinformation—the arm of Soviet counterespionage whose main function is to discredit CIA Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, when asked about increasing demands for heavier congressional surveillance over CIA, replied: "I don't believe in exploding our intelligence agency. The British don't do it."

One reason is that any full-time civilian department devoted to the dark arts of espionage is remarkably new to the U.S. Until Pearl Harbor, American espionage was essentially the property of the military services. The Japanese sneak attack was one of history's most flagrant failures of applied foreknowledge, Sun Tzu-style. To fill the vacuum, the Office of Strategic Services was hastily constituted during World War II, and it was from this agency that CIA evolved into a permanent peacetime department under the 1947 National Security Act.

"Significant Contributions." CIA is only one of nine agencies⁸ in the U.S. intelligence community, but it is *primum inter pares* and the right arm of the National Security Council. Master Spy Allen Dulles not only sketched its functions but also the kind of men the nation needed to attract to such duty. "The agency," he suggested to Congress, "should be directed by a relatively small but elite corps of men with a passion for anonymity and a willingness to stick at that particular job."

No one better personifies that description than Richard Helms, the man who now heads CIA. Although he has been with the agency since its start, no CIA chief ever came into office with such a passion for anonymity and downright disdain for public acclaim. His predecessors assumed the directorship after long public exposure in Government (Allen Dulles), industry (John McCone), or the military (General Walter Bedell Smith and Admiral William Raborn), with tangible accomplishments and medals to show for it. Richard Helms? He had a 1965 award from the National Civil Service League, the sort given annually to groups of career bureaucrats, for "significant contributions to excellence in Government." But who could say just what these contributions were?

His relative anonymity is ironic in view of his prewar background, which promised prominence as well as accomplishment. Helms' father was an aluminum sales executive who upon retirement took his family to live in Europe. The move stretched Richard's prep schooling from Orange, N.J., to Switzerland and Germany and gave him lifelong fluency in French and German. He returned to the U.S. to attend Williams College, class of 1935. Few

⁸ National Security Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency, Atomic Energy Commission, State Department Intelligence and Research, Air Force Intelligence, Arms Intelligence, Naval Intelligence and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

students accumulated more honors: a Phi Beta Kappa key, the presidency of his class and of the senior honor society, the editorship of the student newspaper and the senior yearbook. He was also voted most likely to succeed. Journalism would be his career, his goal a newspaper of his own.

Henie to Hitler. For a fast start, he became a United Press European correspondent—after agreeing to pay his own way to London in 1935. Two months later he went on to Germany, covering the 1936 Olympics and the Nazi Party rally with correspondents twice his age and many times his experience. His interview subjects ranged from Sonja Henie to Adolf Hitler. He returned to the U.S. after two years, settled for a job as office boy in the advertising department of the now defunct Indianapolis Times. By 1939, he was the paper's national advertising director. That year he married Divorcee Julia Bretzman Shields, a sculptor. They have one son, Dennis, 24, a student at the University of Virginia Law School.

What was to be his real career started in 1943, when Navy Lieut. Helms was transferred to the Office of Strategic Services, a switch that took him from desk duty in New York to Washington, Britain and finally Germany, where he worked under Allen Dulles. After his discharge in 1946, he went into the War Department's intelligence unit, then joined CIA when it was founded.

"*Dirty Tricks.*" Helms' public record for the next five years is a total blank. When he surfaced in 1952, it was as deputy to the chief of the plans division, the so-called "dirty tricks" department, which handles espionage and other undercover operations. Thirteen years later, he was to make a rare autobiographical effusion: "I would suppose that you would describe it as working my way up through the ranks during the years."

Helms became head of the plans division in 1962, when CIA's top echelon was reorganized as a result of the Bay of Pigs fiasco. At this stage, the agency was smarting under severe external criticism and riven by intramural factionalism. Helms, even-tempered and affable, managed to avoid office politics and grudges.

By the time John McCone resigned in 1965, Helms was one of his recommendations as a successor—a natural choice on the basis of experience and ability. He had recruited, trained, assigned and directed many of CIA's most trusted operations agents, and unlike many of his colleagues, he got along well with the State Department and the Pentagon. Nonetheless, President Johnson picked Admiral Raborn as director and made Helms the first deputy. There was a tacit understanding that Raborn's tour would be short and that Helms would use this period to establish himself with the Congressmen who oversee the agency's operations. Senate confirmation was unanimous, and Helms took over last June.



CIA'S LANGLEY COMPLEX
Where IBM's 360 outranks Fleming's 007.

Minus Anecdotes. At the apex of the Western intelligence world, Helms remains withdrawn from public view. He has dramatic good looks—tall, lean, dark, with features reminiscent of Rudolph Valentino. Yet, says one close associate, "he is peculiarly minus anecdotes. There is no flamboyance." He lives sedately with his wife in northwest Washington in a modest home from which they rarely join in Washington's social whirl. In a city where most officials ritualistically tote bulging briefcases home, Helms usually goes home empty-handed—and by 7 p.m.

During the Senate committee hearing on his confirmation, Helms performed in a similarly low key, shunning any suggestion that he or CIA sought to be an invisible government. "The CIA takes no action without the appropriate approval of the appropriate officials," he said, "and they are not in the CIA."

The agency Helms runs goes by a number of nicknames—the Third Force, the Silent Service, the Other Agency (among 10,000 men overseas) and *La Compañía* (in Latin America). The budget is \$500 million a year, an amount that is largely hidden in Defense appropriations and is not subject to item-by-item scrutiny by the Congress. Nevertheless, CIA must account for every penny it spends to a specially trained top-secret team of the Budget Bureau. It is also under the supervision of a top-level Administration group whose membership includes Dick Helms; State Department's Katzenbach; Cyrus R. Vance, Deputy Secretary of Defense; and White House Aide Wal W. Rostow. The group meets at least once a week, examines in great detail every single "black" (covert) operation proposed. Even for "white" (cover) functions, it must approve expenditures as small as \$10,000 if they involve particularly sensitive schemes. There are also CIA watchdog committees in both houses of Congress.

CIA headquarters is an eight-story white concrete building in a wooded, isolated section of Langley, Va., eight miles from Washington. Though once heralded by a profusion of highway signs, state policemen appeared one night in 1961—on specific orders from then Attorney General Robert Kennedy—and tore every one of them down; now the only marker says BPR (for Bureau of Public Roads).

The agency's workaday labors, the tedious accumulation and evaluation of infinite quantities of minutiae, have more in common with IBM's 360 than with Ian Fleming's 007. The task demands high intelligence as well as patience. A State Department veteran once said: "You'll find more liberal intellectuals per square inch at CIA than anywhere else in the Government." Indeed, the agency is staffed from top to bottom with some of the nation's best-qualified experts: 30% have Ph.D.s. They are linguists, economists, cartographers, psychiatrists, agronomists, chem-



DULLES, HELMS & RABORN

From the heart of the Kremlin to the covers of the Congo.

ists, even anthropologists and foresters. CIA experts, it is said, could completely staff a middle-sized college.

The "Get." A scant fraction of the agency's 15,000-odd employees actually go out into the cold. At Langley's elaborate seventh-floor operations center, a bank of high-speed (100 words per minute) printers receive top-secret traffic from the National Security Agency, diplomatic reports from embassies overseas, information from the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, as well as data from CIA men around the world. In Helms's office, there are "seure" red, grey, blue or white direct-line phones with scramblers attached—on which the President often calls.

The operations room is hooked into the White House Situation Room, the Pentagon's military command post, and the State Department through a near-miraculous phalanx of teletype machines. One data page per minute can be fed in, encoded, flashed to one of the centers, then decoded the instant it arrives. Down the hall from the operations center is a room papered with huge maps. On one set, the war in Viet Nam is plotted with up-to-the-hour reports of combat action and other trouble spots. Another chart may track the course of a Soviet ship bound from Odessa to Cuba—along with U.S. surveillance forces in the area.

One major purpose of all the influx and indexing is the daily compilation of a slim white 8-in. by 10½-in. document that is delivered to the White House in a black CIA car every evening between 6 and 7 o'clock. It bears CIA's emblem stamped in blue, is entitled "The President's Daily Brief," usually runs between three and six pages of single-spaced type, and covers the key intelligence "get" of the day. At times, it may have included such fascinating data as the results of a

urinalysis pinched from a Vienna hospital while a major world leader was a patient, or the latest bedroom exploits of Indonesia's Sukarno or U-2 photographs taken over China.

Big Boot. The agency's overseas operations are diversified almost beyond belief. CIA men may control an entire airline (such as Air America, which runs cargo and operatives in Laos, Thailand and Viet Nam), a full-scale broadcasting operation (such as Radio Free Europe). They may pose as missionaries, businessmen, travel agents, brokers or bartenders. They may be seeking infinitely minute pieces of information by paying a patrón \$50 to a Hungarian going home for a visit so that he will take a short drive out of his way to check on the number of Russian troops in Szekesfehérvár. Or they may be arranging a revolution—as they did when Premier Mossadegh was deposed in 1953, or when Colonel Jacobo Arbenz was overthrown in Guatemala in 1954.

CIA can boot its errors almost as far as its successes. There was the Bay of Pigs. CIA failed to interpret properly the consistent East German warnings that preceded the Berlin Wall. The agency made a foolish attempt to bribe security police in Singapore.

Naturally enough, CIA's gaffes inspire derisive headlines throughout the world. Just as properly, its successes are little known and seldom disclosed. In an open society like the U.S., there will always be a degree of conflict between the public nature of policymaking and the secret, empirical processes by which decisions must be made and implemented. What is usually overlooked, when CIA is the subject of controversy, is that it is only an arm—and a well-regulated one—of the U.S. Government. It does not, and cannot, manipulate American policies. It can only serve them.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Civil Rights & Consumer Messages

In a logical follow-up to his messages on youth and crime, President Johnson last week sent Congress two more of his omnibus proposals for improving the quality of American life. While the crime message skinned the cream from the 340-page report of his own commission on crime and offered altogether new suggestions for action (TIME, Feb. 17), the civil rights and consumer messages represented, in large measure, proposals that Congress had seen before.

The Administration's civil rights bill, in fact, varied little from the tough measure that died in a Senate filibuster last September. The only real difference was in the timing of the open-housing section. Recognizing that a period of education may be necessary to prepare the public for a total end to discrimination in housing, Johnson asked that discrimination in sales and rentals be banned in phases over the next two years. A scant 4% of the nation's dwellings, which are federally financed and already under various federal anti-discrimination regulations, would be covered by the act this year. Forty percent more, mostly big apartment houses and new suburban developments, would be added next year, and the remaining 56%, including single-family houses, would be covered in 1969.

Misinformation & Fear. Strong emphasis would be placed on education to counter what Johnson called "a cloud of misinformation and unarticulated fear" about the effects of open-housing legislation. The Secretary of Housing and Urban Development would be directed to exhaust every means of conciliation before taking a case to court. Other civil rights proposals, which by themselves would meet with general approval in Congress, would guarantee fair selection of Southern juries, give greater federal protection to civil rights workers, and broaden the authority of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

Given the wide support for the rest of the package, some Administration advisers had urged Johnson to submit the open-housing measure separately, so that at least some civil rights legislation would have a good chance of passage this year. Not only will open housing face the same barrier in the Senate that it failed to hurdle last year; it will also have much tougher going in the new House. For House members, new as well as old, sensed the voters' "go slow" attitude in last fall's campaign, and have not noted any perceptible change since. Yet Johnson was determined that open housing be included, if only "because it is decent and right." Said he: "Injustice must be opposed, however difficult or unpopular the issue."

New Complexities. The civil rights bill and most other domestic proposals sent to Congress by the President this year have been aimed at minorities and

the disadvantaged. The consumer message sought to aid all Americans. The President asked for bills that, among other things, would require lenders to state the true costs of loans ("The consumer should not have to be an actuary or a mathematician"), help make household products safer, minimize the likelihood of huge regional power failures, and ensure greater safety in the delivery of natural gas through the 800,000 miles of pipeline that stretch across the continent. Much has been done for the consumer, said Johnson, since Ulysses S. Grant signed the first consumer-protection law nearly 100 years ago; but much remains to be done to protect him from the "new complexities and hazards" of an advancing technology.



MRS. POWELL AT HEARING
The handwriting on the checks.

INVESTIGATIONS

Adam & Yvette

Keeping the faith for Adam, baby, was last week's toughest task. In Detroit, an effort to organize a general strike of Negro workers and schoolchildren in support of Adam Clayton Powell proved a total flop. In New York, a meeting of national Negro leaders to promote backing for him was postponed indefinitely. In Washington, the special House committee investigating the Harlem Democrat's fitness to serve in the 90th Congress could only elicit evidence that he should not.

The most damaging testimony of all came from his third wife, who, after a one-hour recitation that supported some of the charges against her estranged husband, demonstrated her own lack of rancor by pleading with the committee to help him "continue his career in the service of his country." Testifying about the man who abandoned her for a young beauty-contest winner, Puerto Rican Yvette Diago Powell, 35, a one-time secretary, told the committee that: ► She had remained on her husband's congressional payroll, though she moved

to Puerto Rico in 1961, despite a federal law that all such congressional employees must work either in Washington or in a Congressman's home district.

► She had performed no work at all after the summer of 1965—but remained on the payroll until she was fired by the House last January.

► Her salary climbed to \$20,578 a year, but she received only two paychecks in the past two years. She had authorized no one to cash her checks—which ended up in Powell's account—and someone else signed "Y. Marjorie Flores" (the name she used for payroll purposes) without her knowledge on the 19 checks shown her at the hearing. The handwriting, she allowed, "does look familiar."

Mrs. Powell also opened the way to further investigation of her husband by testifying that he handled all their financial affairs and that for the past two years, at least, she had not signed their joint income tax return. Powell's New York State return for 1965 was already part of the committee record. It was a joint form listing \$60,381 in combined income—on which Powell had paid only \$1,501 in state taxes, claiming that nearly two-thirds of their gross earnings was not subject to the state levy.

If Powell had shown a cavalier disregard for the law, Yvette's testimony suggested that he had acted even more callously toward his wife. After their son was born in Puerto Rico in 1962, she said, he ignored her repeated pleas to allow her to return to his office and his life. In fact, said Yvette, she has had no communication from her husband since their last meeting in September 1965. When she tried to see him in Washington last August, he was unavailable. They have no separation agreement, and Powell has sent her about \$6,850 in support payments over the past two years. He has also paid childless and household expenses directly. She added: "The larger ones, I understand, are still unpaid."

A Little Surprise. The committee did not expect quite so much help from Mrs. Powell. Chairman Emanuel Celler admitted that parts of her testimony "come as a little surprise to us." It was no surprise at all that Corinne Huff, the former beauty queen now high on Powell's congressional payroll and social schedule, failed to appear in response to a subpoena. Other witnesses during the last two days of the hearings merely added details to support earlier charges of hanky-panky with the travel expenses of the House Education and Labor Committee while Powell headed it. But, said Celler, "we have enough." This week the committee will give its recommendations to the full House. On the merits of the case, the nine-man panel is disposed to seek Powell's exclusion. Since this would raise complex legal questions, however, the committee might settle on a compromise whereby Powell would be censured and then seated under strict conditions, includ-

ing forfeiture of control over his office payroll, restitution from his own salary of the public funds that he spent improperly, and cancellation of his House seniority.

REPUBLICANS

In Business

Michigan's Governor George Romney observed recently that when it came to his putative candidacy for the 1968 Republican presidential nomination, he felt like a newly established grocer suffering from a surplus of customers and a dearth of stock. While still postponing the formal opening last week, Romney nonetheless had clearly set up shop.

After a chat at Romney's Bloomfield Hills residence, New Mexico Governor David Cargo reported unequivocally that Romney has already decided to run. "That is what he said," declared Cargo. At week's end Romney began a Western speaking tour covering six states from Alaska—where he got off to a good start by beating Governor Walter Hickel in a dog-sled race—to Arizona. And in Washington, Leonard Hall, former Republican National Committee chairman, announced the formation of a national Romney-for-President Committee—with Romney's approval.

The Hall group will serve as hell-wether for local Romney cells around the country and may be able to overcome the organizational hiatus that has been hampering the Michigander's cause. Meanwhile, Hall intends to give Romney a peg on which to hang a formal announcement of candidacy when the time is right. "He has asked me," said Hall, "to make a detailed and careful sounding of sentiment in every state with respect to the nomination and the best way to ensure the party's chances for success. When the survey is completed, I will report the results to him. I expect that report to play a key role in his decision."

Poles-Apart Polls. Impartial opinion samplers do not agree that this inquiry will necessarily disclose an irresistible ground swell for Romney. A Gallup poll of Republicans reported that they think Richard Nixon would be the better candidate; the spread was 52% to 40%, with the balance undecided. On the other hand, Louis Harris assayed Republican and independent sentiment and found Romney ahead of Nixon, 59% v. 41%.

In the face of Romney's avowed reluctance, Nixon remained silent under the stricture of his self-imposed moratorium on political activity. But in a November interview with the *Saturday Evening Post*, published last week, Nixon said that if he had been working for the nomination instead of helping 1968 Republican candidates, he "could probably have locked it up by now." Other, darker horses were naying with varying degrees of conviction. California's Ronald Reagan insisted that it would be "presumptuous" of him to remove his name from any primary ballot. And New York's Nelson Rockefeller, pledging yet again to stay out of the contest, said: "I am determined not to be used as an instrument to split the unity of progressive Republicans."

HISTORICAL NOTES

The Full Record

Cecil Stoughton was sweating profusely. Scrunched against the bulkhead of Air Force One, the stocky Army captain was trying to take pictures of Lyndon Johnson as he recited the presidential oath of office at Dallas' Love Field. When he had first used the flash attachment a few minutes before, it had not worked, but after a bit of jiggling with the connection, all seemed well. The pictures were taken, and then Stoughton remembered his custom of shooting from different angles to show as many of the people present as possible. He had always done it, then sent out prints to the people involved as a record of the occasion. So he kept shooting.

A Draped Arm. By last week, Cecil Stoughton's photographs were the center of a small but heated controversy. Just who was present during L.B.J.'s inaugural oath? Asked about it on *Meet the Press*, Author William Manchester reiterated what he had reported in a *Look* installment of *The Death of a President*: every male Kennedy aide, except Dr. George Burkley, had insultingly ducked the swearing-in. Stoughton's pictures show that Manchester is wrong.

All of the photographer's take—the full existing photographic record of what happened that day on Air Force One—are printed on the following two pages. Most of the pictures have never been published before. The full set shows that while Larry O'Brien may well have withdrawn, Ken O'Donnell, Dave Powers and Assistant Press Secretary Mac Kilduff were certainly present. The pictures, of course, demonstrate



MAJOR STOUGHTON AT HOME
A surfeit of anonymity.

the presence of still another Kennedy aide—Stoughton himself—who Manchester knew was there but whom he forgot to count. Stoughton was J.F.K.'s official photographer from the start of his presidency. But he is used to being anonymous. Though his pictures have run in virtually every newspaper and magazine in the world, he is rarely credited and never paid royalties. Because of his military status (he is now a major), all his output is Government property. Much of it is superb. Jackie's favorite was taken only a week before the assassination. The family was watching Scottish Black Watch bagpipers from a balcony, and Stoughton shot the scene from behind, catching the spread-out panoply of the marchers as well as Caroline's small arm draped around her father's shoulders.

Abrupt Transfer. In Dallas, Stoughton was too overcome to take pictures of the weeping aides in the corridors of Parkland Hospital, but when Johnson went by in a bustle of security men, Stoughton asked where they were going. "The President is going to Washington," came the answer. The title stunned Stoughton, but he quickly decided he should be with "the President." In a commandeered car, he raced to the plane. Afterward, he stayed on as a White House photographer, and then 18 months later, when the Kennedy family was going to England for the dedication of the Runnymede monument, he asked Johnson for permission to go. It would mean much to him, he explained, since he had been so close to the family.

A week after he returned, Stoughton got orders transferring him out of the White House. He is now stationed in an obscure Pentagon office, and will soon retire. How does he feel about all the anonymous pictures he has taken? "The President knows I took them," he says. "I know I took them. My wife knows I took them. I guess that's enough credit."



ROMNEY'S WINNING ALASKA SLED RACE
Dearth of stock in the shop.



On Air Force One, Johnson talks to Mac Kilduff (whose hand can be seen on microphone in front of Judge Sarah



Hughes) before the swearing-in. L.B.J. wants Mrs. Kennedy to be present and (2) asks Ken O'Donnell (left) to get her



The fidgeting, shifting crowd waits. As Johnson becomes more impatient (6-7) Kennedy Military Aide Ted Clifton



(left, in uniform) grows increasingly uncomfortable. Johnson is now (8) about to go looking for Jackie himself. Just then



Kilduff is still beside Judge Hughes with the dictaphone mike (8-10). Photographer Cecil Stoughton is, of course, there.



and when he pans his camera (12-15). O'Donnell shows up clearly beside Mrs. Kennedy. In the same picture, right



As the swearing-in ends (16-17) and the group begins to shift, three Kennedy secretaries come into view (18). Evelyn



Lincoln partially hidden by Johnson's chin, Mary Gallagher to the rear left, Pam Turnure to the rear right. For them



20



from her cabin. Larry O'Brien appears (3) carrying what turns out to have been J.F.K.'s Bible, gives it to Judge

Hughes and leaves. In the rear doorway, Kennedy Pilot Jim Swindell is briefly visible (4-5) before he slips away.



she appears (9), and the oath-taking begins. Clifton disappears from the changing tableaux and is replaced by Johnson

aide, Jack Valenti (crouching, left). In all, five Kennedy men are present during the administering of the oath.



behind O'Donnell, is Dr. George Burkley. To Burkley's left is Dave Powers, but the camera does not see him until the

very last frame (19) when a barely identifiable sliver of him shows up on the far right edge of Stoughton's picture.



and most Kennedy aides, it is over at this moment. The oath has been given; and the time of Bill Moyers (near right) has begun.

DETERRENCE BY ANTI-MISSILES: Examining the Proposition That World Peace Can Be Maintained Only by Extreme Escalation

ONE of the basic facts about nuclear weapons is that few people really believe or can imagine that they will ever be used. As a result, any discussion of nuclear plans and possibilities assumes a certain air of unreal horror. And yet, short of a drastic change in the international situation or in human nature, the leaders responsible for a nation's security cannot rule out the possibility of a nuclear war. Hence, one of the most painful and long-deferred decisions facing Washington is whether or not the U.S. should install an anti-missile defense system. The U.S. and Russia are close to agreeing on a treaty curbing the spread of nuclear weapons to non-nuclear powers. Yet despite that hopeful turn, warned President Johnson last week, the two nations have reached a "watershed" in arms competition and are risking further "futile escalation" in the area of missile defense.

According to intelligence reports, Soviet Russia is even now beginning to deploy a defense system designed to protect its major cities against attack by intercontinental ballistic missiles. American military men want the U.S. to counter by installing a vast anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system of its own. The Administration hopes to avoid this and is attempting to persuade the Russians to enter an agreement under which neither the U.S. nor the Soviets would deploy ABMs; to that end, U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson is now holding talks with Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin. In London two weeks ago, Kosygin made a press-conference statement that seemed to discourage an ABM ban. A system that deters attack, said the Premier, is not a factor in the arms race. "On the contrary, it is a factor that reduces the possibility of the destruction of people."

On the face of it, this sounded eminently reasonable. Yet Kosygin must know that the implications of either a Russian or American ABM buildup cannot so easily be brushed aside.

Whether nuclear weapons are offensive or defensive depends largely on the point of view. The U.S., which has concentrated on offensive weapons, has always insisted that it maintains a defensive stance and would never make the first attack. But it has promised that any sneak attack it might suffer, no matter how damaging, would trigger an automatic response so terrible as to be intolerable to any enemy.

The threat is convincing—but only so long as a potential enemy accepts its basic premise. What if he decides that his scientists and engineers have built a practically perfect defense so that he will not be wiped out by a retaliatory attack? This would obviously disturb the "balance of terror" that has preserved an uneasy nuclear peace for the past two

decades. Some American military men argue that any "defensive" Russian ABM system may actually be a sign of belligerence, a signal that its builders are preparing to make the first strike, while getting ready to ride out the U.S. response. Besides, the cold logic of deterrence works only when the opponent is capable of understanding it. What if the uneasy ruler of a new nuclear power were to make an irrational decision that he had more to gain than to lose from an attack on the U.S., whatever the risk of retaliation?

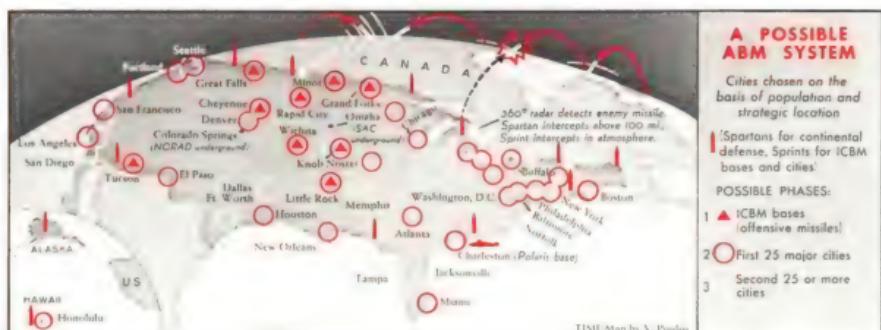
If the Joint Chiefs have their way, the answer to all such questions will be the installation of a U.S. Nike-X ABM system, beginning with the building of a "thin" continental defense consisting of long-range, Spartan missiles capable of intercepting and destroying incoming ICBMs above the atmosphere. As a backstop, fast, short-range Sprint missiles, designed to intercept any missiles that penetrated the Spartan screen, would be set out to protect U.S. Minuteman missile bases. This first phase of ABM deployment, which would afford protection against accidental firings of Soviet missiles or a surprise attack by China, has a price tag of about \$5 billion. For another \$5 billion, the military men would place Sprints around 25 key U.S. cities, providing protection against a moderate-strength Soviet attack. The third phase of the plan, at a price of \$10 billion, would extend Sprint coverage to another 25 U.S. cities and increase the number of missiles protecting each city to cope with a massive attack. Total predicted cost, including fallout shelters: \$22 billion.

How It Works

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, for one, believes that political pressures would boost the bill. "The unprotected, or relatively unprotected areas of the U.S.," he says, "would claim that their tax dollars were being diverted to protect New York and Washington while they were left naked." McNamara guesses that an ABM system would cost about \$40 billion over a ten-year period.

That seems a small enough price to pay for protection against a nuclear attack that might otherwise kill more than 120 million Americans. The question is whether any system, no matter how costly, can really buy protection—and how much. The answer lies in the workings of the ABM system.

All ABMs are meant to be nuclear-tipped; the idea is that they will create nuclear explosions that, in one way or another, will damage or destroy incoming missiles. If these explosions occur in the atmosphere, as with Sprint, they can destroy the incoming missiles by heat and blast effect. (Fallout





from these explosions will endanger the defended territory, hence the need for shelters.) If the explosions occur above the atmosphere, as with Spartan, the enemy missiles will not be hurt by blast, since there is no air to carry shock waves, but will be damaged in other ways, especially by the X rays and neutrons released in the explosion. Above the atmosphere, they are not impeded by air molecules, so they can cause damage at greater distances.

Within about two miles from an exploding one-megaton ABM, for example, the heat shield of an intercontinental missile will be severely "burned" by X rays. If the shield is damaged badly enough, the friction generated when the ICBM warhead enters the atmosphere will cause it to burn up long before it reaches its target. The burst of neutrons produced by the explosion of an ABM warhead can have an even more immediate effect on an ICBM warhead as far away as 1½ miles. By penetrating the uranium trigger of the warhead, the neutrons can cause it to fission prematurely, generating enough heat to deform the trigger and disarm the missile. An electromagnetic pulse of radio frequency waves produced by the exploding ABM can also induce damaging surges of electric current in the circuits of the ICBM, preventing its warhead from exploding.

It sounds formidable; yet even the Pentagon admits that the costliest contemplated ABM system cannot buy complete security. Why not? Because scientists have already learned a great deal about how to penetrate an ABM system.

With a double heat shield on an ICBM warhead, for example, the outer shield can be made to take the brunt of X-ray damage, leaving the inner shield to protect the warhead as it descends through the atmosphere. A neutron-blocking layer of paraffin or liquid hydrogen can prevent the uranium trigger from fissioning prematurely. Installation of more rugged electrical components and addition of bypass circuits reduce the possibility of damage from the surge of current caused by an electromagnetic pulse.

The attacking nation can choose from a whole catalogue of ingenious "penetration aids" to baffle enemy defense (see diagram above). Dummy missiles may be employed or missiles releasing decoys that defend radar have difficulty differentiating from authentic warheads. A single missile can suddenly eject multiple warheads that separate widely enough so that even a well-armed ABM will destroy only one of them. An advanced high-altitude nuclear explosion can temporarily blind a city's radar defenses or attackers can simply saturate a city with more ICBMs than there are defending missiles.

In view of such penetration methods, if the Soviets were to strike with all of their offensive missiles, enough could penetrate a Nike-X system to kill 30 million Americans. And if the Soviet Union should increase the number and quality of its missiles, U.S. casualties could rise as high as 90 million.

If an ABM system thus cannot really assure adequate protection, why should the Russians bother to deploy one? One possible answer is that their definition of "adequate" may be flexible. Conceivably, Russian strategists may argue that even if an ABM system could not keep out all U.S. missiles, it could keep out enough to give the nation a fighting chance to survive and rebuild. The other and more unsettling possibility is that Russian scientists are on to a better defense system than the U.S. so far contemplates. U.S. military planners remain haunted by the frightening possibility that the Russians have

actually developed a technique that will come up to Khrushchev's boast that a Russian rocket could "hit a fly" in outer space. Rumors have circulated in Washington about Russian "X-ray defense" and "zap" effects of nuclear explosions far bigger than those involved in the Nike-X system—explosions that would effectively clear the skies of most, if not all, U.S. ICBMs, no matter how many were launched.

Less worried U.S. scientists doubt that the Russians have any such super defense weapon. It would be too large and heavy for quick launching or easy, accurate control. Many military planners, moreover, believe that Moscow may only be bluffing with its ABM plans. By constructing a token number of missile sites, say the doubters, the Russians are perhaps hoping to make the U.S. overreact and thereby further strain its economy. There is also some suspicion in Washington that the Russians may use the threat of an ABM installation only to pressure the U.S. into agreeing to an overall limitation of missile capacity. Finally, it is also conceivable, some U.S. experts believe, that the Soviet ABM deployment is not intended to defend against a massive U.S. attack at all, but is a guard against the less formidable missile threat that China might pose as early as the 1970s.

Secretary McNamara adamantly opposes deployment of the Nike-X system and insists that the defensive advantage remains with a credible offensive deterrent. That U.S. deterrent now consists of 1,000 Minuteman and Titan ICBMs and 640 submarine-based Polaris missiles, as against Russia's reported 340 ICBMs and 130 submarine missiles. "It is our ability to destroy an attacker as a viable 20th century nation that provides the deterrent," says McNamara, "not our ability to partially limit damage to ourselves."

Where It May Lead

Yet some strategists worry that the U.S. has become too complacent behind its nuclear-missile superiority. Says Herman Kahn, a mathematician turned defense analyst: "For the past 20 years, the Soviets have lived in an environment in which they were clearly strategically inferior. It would be a mistake to let that change." Most military men agree that if the Russians are really determined to deploy a major ABM system, the U.S. will have to follow suit—although many would be satisfied merely to prepare a "mobilization base" allowing relatively quick development of an ABM system if it later became necessary.

Both sides stand to lose severely from full deployment now. Any new missile race, as President Johnson put it, "would impose on our peoples and on all mankind an additional waste of resources with no gain in security to either side." It would surely damage both the U.S. and Russian economies, though hurting Russia's far more, at a time when Moscow's rulers seem determined to give their people capitalist-style consumer pleasures.

Economics aside, should one nation deploy an effective ABM system before the other, the possibilities of a disastrous nuclear exchange would increase. The nation with missile defenses would be tempted to strike while it had the advantage; the defenseless power, anticipating an attack, might be panicked into striking first. On the other hand, if both nations installed full ABM systems concurrently, the balance of terror would remain the same. But in that case, despite the expenditure of untold billions, nothing will have been gained.

THE WORLD



DEAD VIET CONG AT QUANG NGAI
Emboldened by the truce—with predictable results.

THE WAR

Back to the Fighting

With recent peace efforts decisively doomed by Hanoi's intransigence, the U.S. last week resumed the air war over North Viet Nam and sent its forces in the South swinging into post-truce action. No amount of persuasion by the British and the Russians—not even the fact that the U.S. prolonged the bombing pause by a diplomatic 42 hours and 17 minutes—had been able to move Ho Chi Minh toward negotiations.

From the start, Lyndon Johnson had been worried that Hanoi was less interested in launching talks than in pressuring the U.S. into a permanent bombing pause that would allow the North to resupply its forces without interference. As it turned out, Hanoi used the *truce* pause to do just that, mobilizing 2,200 trucks and 1,572 vessels to speed between 25,000 and 30,000 tons of matériel to the South. That is enough to enable the 282,000 Communist troops engaged in the war, who lately have been averaging only one or two days of fighting a month, to maintain their present rate of combat for an entire year.

Elementary Reciprocity. Despite its ultimate failure, the peace thrust came closer to success than any efforts in the past. Before he boarded his white Ilyushin-18 turboprop last week to end his week-long visit to Britain, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin spent some eight hours conferring with Prime Minister Harold Wilson on Viet Nam. In public, Kosygin witheringly blasted the U.S. for its role in the war. But in pri-

vate, he signaled a new Soviet willingness to try to end the war, even agreed to ask the North Vietnamese if they would offer what Washington calls "elementary reciprocity" in exchange for a halt in the bombing.

Hopeful of a breakthrough, Wilson, who maintained almost constant contact with Washington during Kosygin's visit, urged Lyndon Johnson to extend the U.S. bombing pause beyond the truce deadline so that Hanoi could weigh the Russian proposal. Johnson agreed. At one point, Kosygin asked the British if they could get either Johnson or Secretary of State Dean Rusk to the conference table. The U.S. reply was delivered to British Foreign Minister George Brown during Queen Elizabeth's dinner for Kosygin at Buckingham Palace. Brown scanned the answer, then scrawled a note and passed it to Kosygin. "I can deliver either of my friends," he told Kosygin, "if you can deliver yours."

But Kosygin could not deliver. Just hours before the Soviet Premier's departure, Wilson and Brown sped up to his suite at Claridge's for an unscheduled 1 a.m. conference. It was then that Kosygin relayed Hanoi's reply to his plea for a gesture toward de-escalation. The answer was, of course, "No." That clinched it for Washington. Once Kosygin was en route home, Lyndon Johnson gave his commanders the signal to resume the bombing.

No Alternative. With typical flourish, Wilson later spoke dramatically of how "I strove unceasingly, almost without sleep," to get talks started. Peace "was

almost within our grasp," he said. "One single, simple act of trust could have achieved it." As for the President of the U.S., he clearly felt that it was Hanoi that had withheld that act. "Despite our efforts and those of third parties," he said, Ho Chi Minh's only response was to launch "major resupply efforts." The U.S., consequently, "had no alternative but to resume full-scale hostilities."

In resuming his prosecution of the war, Johnson was concerned with demands by the hawks—or the "K.O.-punch bunch," as Indiana's Democratic Senator Vance Hartke calls them—to escalate it even further. South Carolina's Democratic Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, for one, urged Johnson not just to resume the bombings but to "triple them." Republican Barry Goldwater accused him of a "sanity gap" for agreeing to a bombing pause, insisted that the war should be intensified "to end it as quickly as possible." To mute such demands, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara called a news conference at the Pentagon, declared that the bombing of the North should not be expanded in hopes of winning the war. Victory, he said, could only be won in the South.

Face-Saving Fadout. Though a wary Washington feels that it has been burned twice by bombing pauses, it does see some glimmers of hope for ending the war. Chief among them is Moscow's apparent desire, notwithstanding its role as Hanoi's principal armorer, to get it over with. Despite Kosygin's failure to budge Ho, Washington believes that persistent pressure might bring him around, particularly since Moscow's influence in Hanoi has waned as Peking's has waxed because of its convulsive Cultural Revolution. In addition, the Communists are clearly losing the ground war—as was convincingly illustrated by their heavy losses last week. Finally, the chance that Saigon may have a constitutionally elected civilian government by autumn gives the South fresh hope of establishing a genuinely popular government.

Should Ho conclude that a cease-fire is in his best interests, he might seek negotiations—or simply recall his troops and cut off his aid to the Viet Cong in an unannounced, face-saving fadout. Of the two courses, many officials consider formal negotiations by far the less desirable. They know all too well that "peace talks" are not necessarily peaceful—or bloodless. In Korea, 80,000 Americans were killed or wounded while the armistice talks dragged on, compared with 57,000 before the negotiations were launched. Moreover, conferences do not always achieve desirable results; witness Versailles and Yalta. And there are times when crises are best settled without formal talks: in the

vital 1962 Cuban missile crisis, there were no mimeographed agendas, no daily bulletins, no exchanges of views across a polished mahogany table.

In an undeclared war such as Viet Nam, in short, the ideal consummation could very well be an undeclared peace.

A Savage Week

Allied forces in South Viet Nam like nothing better, so far as military tactics go, than to close with substantial numbers of Viet Cong. In hit-and-run guerrilla attacks, the Viet Cong are too often hard to get at; in larger units, they are usually no match for Allied forces. Last week, replenished and emboldened by the *Tet* truce, Communist ground forces came out to fight aggressively in unusual numbers. The results were predictable: when the smoke cleared, their thralls had been blunted and they had lost more than 1,000 men, one of the highest tolls for a single week.

Korean Handwork. First to close with the Viet Cong was a company of South Korean marines dug in on the coastal flatlands of Quang Ngai province, long a Communist stronghold. The Koreans, members of the elite Blue Dragon brigade, had purposely positioned themselves in the open, hoping to draw the Communists down from the forested mountains for a set-piece battle. The Korean perimeter was in the shape of a valentine, faced with concertina wire and reinforced with concrete revetments. On the night of St. Valentine's Day, a North Vietnamese regiment of 1,500 men struck at the 254-man Korean company with everything up to 120-mm. mortars, which had been lugged down the mountains by pack elephants.

Screaming and blowing whistles, the North Vietnamese blasted their way through the wire with bangalore torpedoes, then rushed in with flamethrowers. Korean Captain Chung Kyong Gim, 32, swiftly sent two squads to plug the holes

in the wire, then set his men loose to kill the Reds trapped inside the perimeter. It was knife to knife and hand to hand—and in that sort of fighting the Koreans, with their deadly *tae kwon do* (a form of karate), are unbeatable. When the action stopped shortly after dawn, 104 enemy bodies lay within the wire, many of them eviscerated or braindead. All told, 253 Reds were killed in the clash, while the Koreans lost only 15 dead and 30 wounded. Captain Chung, recommended for the *Tae Geuk* (Korea's Medal of Honor), said: "Every day I want the enemy to attack my company. Always I am ready to fight."

Classical Charge. Down in the Mekong Delta, an equally savage battle was in progress. Moving into the "Twin-River Complex" of Chuong Thien province, a battalion of South Vietnamese infantrymen walked into a trap. One company was hit as its American-piloted helicopters put down in the paddy-and-palmetto plains between the Nuoc Trong and Can Lai rivers. Four "slicks" (troop-carrying choppers) were shot out of the sky by Chinese-built 7.9-mm. antiaircraft cannons; another four "gunships" (helicopters carrying rockets and machine guns for close support) dropped like stones. Moments later, a Medevac chopper was downed—the ninth helicopter to fall in as many minutes. Pinned down behind low paddy-field dikes, the South Vietnamese called for air strikes. U.S. and Vietnamese fighter-bombers thundered in from as far away as Cam Ranh Bay to lay bombs, napalm and cannon fire within 150 ft. of the pinned-down infantrymen.

That was not enough to knock the Reds out of their camouflaged bunkers, so in came Captain Doan Kim Long, 27, and his battalion to mount a classical infantry charge. Long, who wears French wrap-around sunglasses, a lavender scarf and a khaki beret, deployed his men in a shallow V with himself at the point. With the battalion bugle blaring, the Vietnamese raced across 75 yds.

of open ground, straight through their pinned-down comrades, hurling grenades into the Viet Cong bunkers and gunning down the Reds when they tried to escape. Long's men lost only three killed and 27 wounded in the charge, but before the day was out the South Vietnamese had killed 356 of the enemy.

HIGHLAND FLING. The Americans were getting in their licks too. Up in the Central Highlands near the Cambodian border, elements of the U.S. 4th Infantry Division killed 225 Viet Cong and North Vietnamese in a series of fulminating fire fights after the Reds had ambushed two of its companies. B-52 bombers from Guam plastered the Red positions with pinpoint accuracy, while the men of the 4th fought their way out of the hole. All told, it was one of the war's bloodiest weeks to date, and the blood was predominantly from the other side.

RED CHINA

A Long Way to Go

In some districts of Red China, the once ubiquitous portrait of Chairman Mao Tse-tung has been replaced by that of President Liu Shao-chi, his chief opponent. This horrendous fact was reported last week, over the chop mark of Mrs. Mao's own purge committee, as proof that the Maoists' struggle to overcome the enemies of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is far from won. "They disdainfully refuse to admit their guilt," said the wall posters at the People's University in Peking. "We still have a long way to go before eliminating them all."

As events in China clearly showed last week, that warning is accurate. The Maoists are having trouble almost everywhere. In his attempt to use the army to purge dissident leaders, Mao has run into a major difficulty: the army, created by the Communist Party, is finding it unpalatably difficult to discipline or destroy its creator. In fact,



RED GUARDS MARCHING THROUGH HANGCHOW

Amid all the travelitis, plaintive calls to work in the daytime and to make revolution at night.

there are signs that the army is badly split. For Mao, whose maxim is that "power grows from the barrel of a gun," that was bad news indeed. Many guns in the People's Liberation Army are now apparently turning in his direction.

"**Wrong Tendencies.**" Radio reports intercepted in India confirmed the fact of massive army uprisings in Tibet, where Red Chinese Army Commander Chang Kuo-hua reportedly kicked out the Red Guards and laid siege to government installations. Peking wall posters told of fighting in the high Himalayan redoubt that left 100 or more dead. Chang, who commanded the 100,000 Chinese troops that seized Tibet in 1951 and who later directed the invasion of India, declared martial law and sat back to await the arrival of three army divisions said to have been dispatched from China proper to "crush the revisionists." Radio Moscow reported last week that anti-Maoist army units had seized "nearly full control" of Inner Mongolia, and wall posters in Peking confirmed that a titanic struggle between army and Red Guards was rocking the province. Further Chinese army uprisings were reported in Western and Central China.

Mao's tactical mistake to date in calling for a new revolution seems to have been his failure to understand the forces he was unleashing and the length to which they would go either to propagate or oppose his "thought." So far, Mao claims control in only five of China's 21 provinces; a wall poster quoted Mrs. Mao as admitting that even Peking itself is not entirely subjugated (fully ten of the city's districts are unsafe for Maoism). The rest of the capital, indeed much of the country, remains in chaos. Although many Red Guards last week were leaving for home and school as ordered by Premier Chou En-lai (*TIME*, Feb. 17), there were many more who found their first taste of power too heady to listen to Chou's orders. Since the Cultural Revolution began, complained the New China News Agency, "wrong tendencies have emerged in the revolutionary ranks"—specifically because, once they have taken power, too many of the Maoist rebels start behaving exactly like those they have replaced.

Dead Stop. Perhaps the worst temptation of all is to succumb to the old Marxist heresy of "economism"—a freewheeling tendency that includes the expansion of private enterprise by grabbing land for market gardens, the withholding of grain and taxes from the state storehouses, and even the chopping down of wood in state forests. After all, China's feeble economy has been virtually neglected for the past six months. Red Guard travellists have reduced China's transportation network to near chaos, and last month the entire Shanghai area was virtually brought to a dead stop. China's biggest port was abandoned by dock workers, who went off "to ask for higher wages." Some

10,000 workers walked off the job in the Taching oilfields to head for Peking and excitement. Only in a few country villages have the winter chores been done: the hoeing and transplanting, the plowing and fertilizing that are necessary to ensure even a minimal crop. A directive issued by the Maoists last week called plaintively for farmers to "work in the daytime and make revolution at night."

For a nation involved in destructive nonsense, the directive made a certain amount of sense. Spring planting begins next month, and so far, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has sown only the seeds of economic disaster.

DAN COOK



TRIUMVIRATE LEADER SUHARTO
He knows a man for the moon.

INDONESIA

Building Pressure

While the world's press reported a flurry of actions aimed at toppling him from power, Indonesia's President Sukarno held court last week in Merdeka Palace like a man who had hardly a worry in the world. Perched on an overstuffed settee and flanked by petite girl reporters, he discoursed for three straight hours before a group of correspondents, including *TIME's* Frank McCulloch, the only American present. Posturing, mugging and frequently guffawing, he waxed alternately boastful and coy, intense and nostalgic, recalling at one point his 1956 trip "to that strange land, the United States of America." "I do not need a grand desk to sign important state papers," he announced. "I sign them right here on my knee." Humming all the while, he then signed a paper to prove it.

To a Japanese correspondent who had predicted that Sukarno would soon go into voluntary exile, Sukarno gibed: "Am I in Japan now? I am here and you are here, but soon"—here he drew his fingers across his own neck—"you

may have no throat. I am going to continue to work hard for a socialist society. There is enough here for everyone, but we must learn to share it equally." Did the President have any travel plans? "Yes," snapped Sukarno with a swish of his silver-mounted swagger stick. "I am going to the moon." That drew a wry rejoinder from Foreign Minister Adam Malik, seated nearby. "It is impossible," said Malik. "I have not approved his visa." Malik, roared Sukarno, was quite "a jester."

Corruption & Turpitude. Some joke. Malik and the other members of Indonesia's ruling triumvirate, General Suharto and the Sultan of Djakarta, have been trying for months to ease Sukarno out of the country. Turn by turn, they have gradually increased the pressure until last week it seemed as if Sukarno could hardly bear it any longer. All 21 parties in the House of Representatives signed a request to make General Suharto, the leader of the triumvirate, President in Sukarno's place. Even Sukarno's own Indonesian Nationalist Party urged him to step down while the stepping was safe, and one military man after another came to the palace to urge the same move on him. Students, labor unions and other organizations continued to demonstrate against him. Thousands of students paraded silently through Djakarta's streets carrying effigies of Sukarno facing a noose.

In four days of marathon sessions before Sukarno's press conference, the triumvirate had pleaded with him to leave voluntarily. Suharto and his colleagues pointed out that he might have to be brought to trial on charges that he encouraged the abortive Communist coup of 1965. The verdict might well be guilty, and the sentence death. They reminded him that they were already armed with a parliamentary resolution demanding his ouster. At one point, Sukarno broke down and wept, pleading that he be given "a chance to die in my home country." But he recovered next day, presented the triumvirate with unacceptable demands.

The triumvirate is going slow because Sukarno is, after all, the only President Indonesia has ever known, and as such retains a great deal of public sympathy, especially in populous Java and among the tough Indonesian marines. Instead of taking any precipitate action that might cause civil war, the triumvirate has tried gradually to discredit Sukarno and erode his popularity. It would like to avoid a trial, hoping that Sukarno will eventually leave under pressure. Suharto intends to see to it that the pressure continues to build. He himself supervised the preparation of a scalding 120-page document, not yet made public, that reportedly establishes Sukarno's connection with the Communist coup, charges him with corruption and moral turpitude, and accuses him of destroying the Indonesian economy.



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from the engine. Chances are there's one in the automatic transmission in your own car. All in all, Borg-Warner has built some 50 million of them, and they're the standard of the industry.

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New York Airways helicopter just taking off from top of Pan Am building at lower left—complete with a remarkable safety device from Borg-Warner.

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WILSON & KIESINGER IN BONN
Nothing more than a gaffe-klastsch.

GREAT BRITAIN

Dismal Diplomacy

It was Harold Wilson's most frustrating week since last July's sterling crisis—and it was, in fact, a pretty dismal week for British diplomacy in general. Having failed in his peacemaking attempt with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, Wilson flew off to Bonn with Foreign Secretary George Brown on what appeared to be a much simpler task: to try to persuade the West Germans to help Britain gain entry to the European Common Market. Since the West Germans already are on record as favoring British entry, Wilson hoped that he could induce Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger and his colleagues to do some special and aggressive lobbying for him with the intractable Charles de Gaulle.

As it turned out, Wilson could hardly have done more to cool the Germans' backing of Britain had he actively planned it that way. In an incredible crisscross of diplomatic flak, the British seemed to get their signals and timing completely mixed up.

► Kosygin's visit to Britain, marked by Wilson's lavish praise and the British public's acclaim for the Soviet leader, provided just about the worst possible prelude for the British visit to Bonn. It raised West German fears that Britain seeks to build a special relationship with the Soviet Union that might well, considering Russia's implacable hostility toward Bonn, be accomplished at West Germany's expense. Wilson might have postponed either visit, but he chose to put them end to end. The Germans did not appreciate the timing.

► On the eve of the British departure for Bonn, George Brown touched one of West Germany's tautest nerves by answering "Yes, in a way" to a question about whether the Kosygin-Wilson

declaration to respect present borders in Europe meant that Britain had decided to recognize the Oder-Neisse line as Germany's eastern border. The West Germans insist, of course, that only a full-scale peace conference can decide Germany's eventual boundaries. Though both Brown and Wilson later in effect apologized and reaffirmed their support of the German view, the gaffe set an unfortunate tone for the talks.

► While Wilson was in Bonn attempting to reassure the Germans that the pound was strong and that Britain would have no major difficulty adjusting to the Market's higher agricultural prices, one of his ranking ministers—Board of Trade President Douglas Jay—was cutting the ground out from under him by declaring in London that entry to the Market might well mean economic ruin for Britain, beginning with a rise in food prices, which would climb 14%. The contrast did not serve to convince the Germans of British sincerity, which is already in doubt in certain quarters on the Continent.

► Hardly had Wilson finished appealing to the Germans for more financial support for the 53,000-man British Army of the Rhine than British Defense Secretary Dennis Healey released a White Paper calling for large-scale cutbacks in both NATO and Warsaw Pact forces in Europe. It was thus no surprise that at week's end Bonn indicated that it will not help pay for the upkeep of the Rhine army—a decision that almost inevitably will bring about a major British pull-back.

The Germans were further concerned by Britain's aggressive backing of a nuclear nonproliferation treaty, which, in German eyes, might reduce the have-not countries to permanent pawns of the nuclear-possessing nations and send Russian agents scurrying across Germany prying into even the most peaceful uses of atomic energy. Moreover, Britain's effusive welcome for Kosygin, and the fact that his hosts uttered hardly a tut-tut in remonstrance after he publicly attacked West Germany, confirmed in many Germans the belief that Britain remains perhaps the most anti-German country in Western Europe. As far as the Germans are concerned right now, there is something to De Gaulle's belief that the British are not really Europeans, but Atlantic islanders between two continents.

Without the Common Market, as Wilson now realizes, Britain may really become a tiny island, cut off from the economic and political muscle of the Continent and thrown further into a Commonwealth that is deteriorating. Yet Wilson learned in Bonn that the job of getting in is going to be much tougher than he expected. While publicly endorsing British entry with polite correctness, the Germans do not intend to jeopardize their own relationship with De Gaulle by exerting any special pressure on Britain's behalf. Chancellor Kiesinger promised at week's

end that he would outline Wilson's arguments to De Gaulle when he meets him this spring, but added: "We have no pressure to exert on France. We would have neither the means for such pressuring, nor do we wish it in view of our friendly relations with this country."

Most Britons now agree that their country needs to get into the Common Market if it is to avoid becoming a "Little England." If Wilson wants to be the man who leads it in, he must now regroup his forces and begin a renewed effort that will need to be at once more aggressive and yet more sensitive.

SPAIN

Struggle for Freedom

The most talked-about subject in Spain last week was something that did not happen: the failure of the Cabinet to pass a bill that would at last grant a measure of religious freedom to Spain's tiny non-Catholic minority. The reason that the non-passage caused such a furor is that the religious issue is the focal point of a struggle between government factions about how fast and how far Spain's new trend toward liberalization should go.

Generalissimo Francisco Franco, 74, who is trying to reform his autocratic regime into a more normal form of government before he steps down or dies, late last year introduced a new constitution that is intended to give Spain at least a semblance of parliamentary democracy. But before the constitution's liberal concepts can be put into practice, about a dozen key bills, dealing with such issues as labor relations, right-to-vote and religious freedom, must first be drafted by government officials, approved by the Cabinet, and passed by the Cortes (Parliament).

The freedom-of-religion bill became the test case. For years, Spain's non-Catholics have almost been non-people,

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barred from participating in the mainstream of Spanish life. They were, in fact, not even officially recognized as having been born, married or buried—since Spain acknowledged those milestones only when they were sanctioned by the Catholic clergy. Under the new bill, the old strictures would fall away. Though Roman Catholicism would remain the state religion, Spain's 30,000 Protestants, 6,000 Jews, and 1,000 Moslems would enjoy the full rights of Spanish citizenship, be allowed to hold public worship services, build churches and temples and identify them publicly for the first time since Franco came to power.

Unexpected Opposition. Since both the Vatican and Franco favored the bill, it was expected to sail through. Its author, Foreign Minister Fernando María Castilla y Muñoz, 59, introduced it to his fellow ministers at a regular Cabinet meeting presided over by Franco. Trouble began almost immediately. To show their disinterest, half a dozen Cabinet members jumped to their feet and walked out of the room. Castilla, who has championed the bill for ten years, nevertheless pressed on with his familiar argument: granting religious freedom was not only the right thing to do morally but also the right thing for Spain if it wants to become a respected member of the world community. Several of the ministers who are identified with the Opus Dei laymen's organization supported him.

But the opposition quickly closed ranks. Interior Minister Camilo Alonso Vega, 77, who as Spain's top cop maintains that the Spanish are "the most unruly people in Europe," argued that religious freedom would only stir up trouble; just as the earlier measures granting workers and students more freedom resulted in the present rash of strikes and student riots. On a more philosophical level, Public Works Minister Federico Silva Muñoz, 43, contended that granting religious liberty to minority sects would shatter Spain's spiritual unity. The ministers connected with the military supported the views of Vega and Muñoz, adding that a weakening of military discipline might result if, as the bill envisions, non-Catholic enlisted men were granted the right to refuse to participate in officially sponsored Catholic religious ceremonies.

Sign of Strength. After an all-night debate, the two sides were still so far apart that Franco, ever a cautious man, postponed action on the bill, which could be revised in time for this week's Cabinet meeting. Almost no one doubts that the bill ultimately will become law. But even the fact that it could be temporarily blocked was a sign of the strength of the opposition, which last week also pushed through an amendment to the penal code that would punish journalists with jail sentences if they "abuse" the new press-freedom law by writing articles too critical of the regime.

AFRICA

Black Resentment

For the Asians

"We are not racialist," protested Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere last week. "We are only getting rid of those people who are here illegally." The same menacing tone was in the voice of Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta, who warned that "non-Kenyans, however rich, who ridicule the laws of the country, practice cat-and-mouse friendship and insult Africans will be ordered to pack up and go home." Who were these social undesirables about to be tossed out of paradise?

The comments reflected not the old-style resentment against European whites but a growing animosity throughout East Africa toward the 400,000

their money abroad or send it to relatives. In Kenya, the KANU party of President Kenyatta has scolded the Asians for living out their lives in "a communal cocoon, having only the most superficial contact with their fellow inhabitants." A barefooted Tanzanian farmer, cheering anti-Asian demonstrations earlier this month, expressed the deep-seated African feeling that the Asians are taking what should belong to the Africans. Said he: "There are too many ticks on the lion's belly."

Most of the Asians' ancestors came to Africa as indentured laborers to build railroads for the British. Even though most of them were born and raised in Africa, many have not sought citizenship in their adopted countries—a fact that confirms black suspicions that they contribute only to their own



TANZANIAN SOLDIERS ON PRO-SOCIALIST, ANTI-ASIAN MARCH
Complaining that the ticks get all the fruit.

Asians whose ancestral roots trace back to the Indian subcontinent. Hindus, Sikhs or Moslems, the Asians are almost always aggressive businessmen. In Tanzania alone, 100,000 of them control more than 75% of the country's retail trade. Some own factories, department stores and small shops; others are just about the only carpenters, plumbers or tradesmen around; still others have become millionaires with large plantations. From the incense-seeking shops of Nairobi's bazaar street to the tiny crossroads general stores of the East African bush, the dark, sharp-featured Asians are a ubiquitous feature of the East African landscape.

Deep-Seated Feeling. Their presence is increasingly resented by the generally less skilled and often unemployed blacks, who see the fruits of *nhiru* (freedom from colonial rule) falling into the Asians' laps instead of into theirs. The blacks feel that Asians do not open their businesses to capable young Africans, and that they invest

welfare. When little Malawi became independent in 1964, almost every one of the 11,000 Asians sought the protection of a British passport. With unemployment high in most areas, several of the East African countries have taken steps, both official and unofficial, to ease the Asians out of their dominant commercial role or to expel them altogether.

Informarriage Urged. Over the past year, the governments of Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda have quietly replaced many Asians with blacks in governmental jobs. Asian railway employees have been ousted in "Africanization" drives, have gone on to work in Zambia, where white railroaders have been fired for racial reasons. In Kenya, the government has dropped strong hints that it expects young Indians (who rarely even cross caste boundaries when they marry) to find African mates. Because Kenya has no schoolrooms for 50,000 out of 70,000 qualified students, top private schools run by the Ismaili sects, and the Indians have been forced to



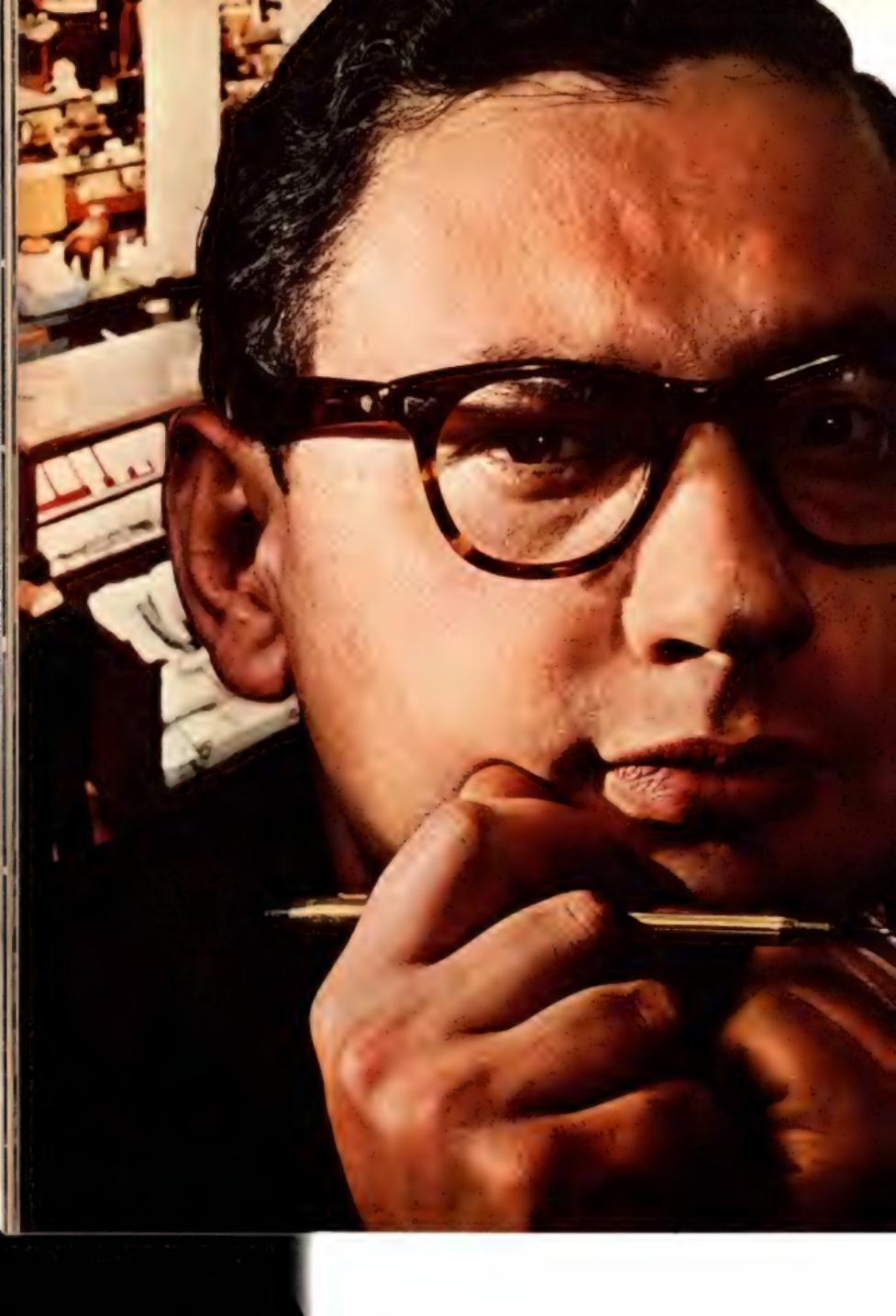
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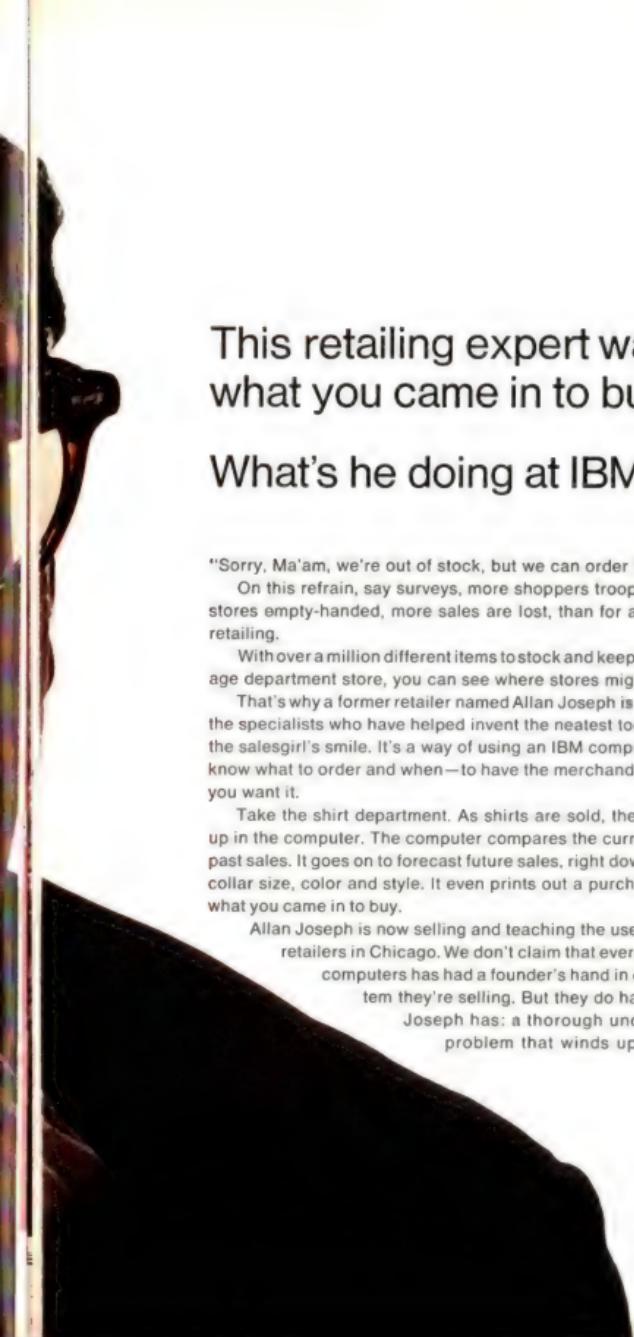
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take up to 50% blacks. Kenya's chief economic planner, Tom Mboya, warns that a major racial crisis is coming unless Indian merchants transform their business into public companies and offer jobs with promotion possibilities to blacks.

Last week in Tanzania, the Asians were reeling from President Nyerere's rapid-fire nationalization of nearly 30 companies. Out of eight food-processing concerns taken over by the government, all but one were owned by Asians. Other Asians had millions on deposit in banks seized by Nyerere. Owners of lucrative sisal plantations were resigned to an expected takeover of their lands. Already more than 500 Asians have been ordered to leave Tanzania for failing to take out residence permits. Asians have been cursed, reviled and threatened during frenzied street demonstrations in Dar es Salaam by emerald-shirted black youths dubbed "the Green Guards" by Socialist Nyerere, who so admires Red China that he last week proclaimed the observance of the Chinese New Year in Tanzania.

A Question of Survival. For the Asians, the socialism of leaders such as Nyerere amounts to nothing more than an attack on their privileges. They protest that they should not be made scapegoats, that their small shops and other businesses were the only occupational outlet allowed them by the British in the colonial era. Without making some economic concessions, however, the Asians in East Africa cannot long survive. Some have started to sell their businesses at cost, and many are filing into steamship and airline offices to book passage for elsewhere.

ETHIOPIA

Lonely Emperor

The King of Kings, Fleet of God, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah and 255th reigning monarch of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie I, is a lonely man. At 74, he has outlived his wife, who died in 1962, and four of his six children. His son, Crown Prince Asfa Wossen, disappointed his father by cooperating in a 1960 coup attempt and, though since forgiven, enjoys little rapport with the Emperor. Indeed, there are few even in the palace circle who can remember when the Emperor was Tafari Makonnen, the young regent to his empress aunt, who took the throne in 1916 when Nicholas II still reigned as Czar of Russia and Lyndon Johnson was in the fourth grade. He went on to win the world's admiration with his grave defiance of Mussolini's legions in the '30s (he was TIME's Man of the Year in 1936), and has remained a durable symbol of courage ever since.

Haile Selassie combats his mounting loneliness with travel and personal diplomacy, and his slight (5 ft. 4 in., 100 lbs.) figure, topped by a face like a

Byzantine icon, has become familiar to millions around the world. Last week he came to the U.S. to tell Lyndon Johnson about the problems of Ethiopia, a Christian country flanked by Moslems. The Somali Republic, a new (1960) Moslem nation on his eastern border, has laid claim to much of his land, and has backed up the claim with Russian arms and terrorist raids. One of Haile Selassie's principal aims in Washington was to ask President Johnson for more U.S. military aid to protect his borders. The Emperor, however, has not survived for 50 years by leaving his bets unhedged. From the U.S., he flew to Majorca for a day's rest, and thence to Moscow, where this week he hopes to talk the Kremlin into

but Haile Selassie has tried hard to change it with the times. In 1926, only 291 students were enrolled in all of Ethiopia's schools; today there are more than 300,000. When he came to power, Ethiopia produced little more than subsistence crops and jaded *kaffa* (coffee); today it has an industrial base that turns out more than 300 products ranging from acids to textiles. Haile Selassie has successfully courted more than a billion dollars worth of foreign investment, receives foreign aid totaling \$150 million a year from such diverse countries as the U.S., Russia, Yugoslavia and India. He has also converted Addis Ababa into a center of black African nationalism by establishing there the Organization of African Unity.

Nothing Unworthy. Even when he is in Addis, Ethiopia's radios and newspapers give top attention to the Emperor's schedule of the previous day before they get around to other news; when he is away, the whole nation follows his progress. The only trouble with the Emperor's trips is that in his absence the entire machinery of government perceptibly slows down. Nothing is unworthy of the Emperor's attention, and he likes to make decisions about almost everything. Officers of the Imperial Golf Club, which is situated on land owned by Selassie, recently had to have the Emperor personally set a date for mowing the grass after the rains.

INDIA

Violence at the Polls

As the seven-day polling period began last week for India's fourth general election in its 20 years of independence, the average Indian made his way to the polls either a festival or a fistfight. In countless villages, voting day became the occasion for fairs and native dances. But, as Indians in record numbers cast their ballots, there was also an ugly upsurge in violence, which had earlier marred the campaigning. From Kerala to Kashmir, hundreds were injured in scores of clashes between supporters of different parties. At least twelve died, including an 18-year-old girl who burned herself to death in political protest in the southern state of Madras.

India's upper class regarded the turmoil with studied detachment. Unfortunately, the fashionable thing to do in India is not to vote. President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, 78, does not plan to vote, feeling that his position as chief of state requires him to stay above politics—but he failed to exercise his franchise even when he held less exalted jobs. Similarly, many of India's civil servants, editors, intellectuals, and other members of the elite consider it a mark of high status not to cast ballots. The usual explanation is that they cannot find any candidate worthy of their support.



HAILE SELASSIE IN WASHINGTON
Grey beard, straight back.

restraining further military aid to the aggressive Somalis.

Close to Absolute. Haile Selassie's beard may be flecked with grey, but his back is still straight and his command over Ethiopia as firm as ever. He has put down three coup attempts in the past six years (for one of which four army officers are now on trial in Addis Ababa). He is, in fact, as close to an absolute ruler as the century will allow. Although he has permitted a Parliament to function for the past twelve years, he alone has the power to choose his Prime Minister. He regularly plays *shum-shir*—the Ethiopian equivalent of musical chairs—to prevent his top ministers from gaining too much power, and he still serves as his nation's highest court: any subject in the land can appeal his grievances to the Emperor and get a personal hearing. To maintain his authority, he employs a 35,000-man army, a 29,000-strong police force, an elite palace guard and three separate intelligence services.

Ethiopia is still a backward nation,

PEOPLE

The jokes about skinny Frank Sinatra disappearing when he stood sideways kicked around for years. Now, of course, the not-as-thin-as-he-once-was man is married to an even wispier creature, **Mia Farrow**, 21. In Paris to pick up some frocks for her role in a spy film called *A Dandy in Aspic*, Mia wryly told a New York Times reporter: "I started wearing shifts, dresses without waists, about five years ago. I really have no waist. I'm kind of 20-20."

Having refined the French for the past eight years as Charles de Gaulle's Minister of Cultural Affairs, André Malraux is now exporting—in the very domestic form of his wife, **Madeleine Malraux**. A one-time concert pianist who has been playing only for friends since her husband entered government in 1945, Mme. Malraux will give a concert of 17th and 20th century French compositions next month at the University of Texas.

On Oct. 31, 1517, the brilliant Augustinian friar **Martin Luther** nailed his 95 theses to the door of Wittenberg's Castle Church and, in effect, began the Reformation. It was also the beginning of his excommunication by Rome; four years later, Pope Leo X drummed the great heretic out of the church. Now two ecumenically minded men from St. Louis have asked Pope Paul VI if it isn't time to end the grudge. Wrote the Rev. Walter Ries, a Lutheran minister, and Edward Meiners, a Catholic layman: "Your lifting of his excommunication would voice to all Protestants a fresh expression of your openness to Christian unity." The fact is that the Vatican's Secretariat for Christian Unity has al-



MIA FARROW
Shift for the wisp.

ready formed a working committee with the Lutheran World Federation. One of the topics is whether Rome should drop its charges against the reformer.

Not all the nation's college students are against their country's stance in the Viet Nam war. Notre Dame's senior class voted to give its annual Patriot of the Year award to General **William Westmoreland**, 52, the U.S. commander. "You have done me a great honor," Westmoreland wrote from Saigon. "But as you suspected, my schedule will not permit my attendance to accept." And then some of the Fighting Irish took the more publicized view. As soon as the winner was chosen, the student weekly *Observer* started potshooting: "All that can be said of the selection is that it was in the best tradition of black humor."

His toes were still as twinkly as ever, when Song-and-Dance Man **Ray Bolger**, 63, opened at the Waldorf's Empire Room in Manhattan. At 160 lbs., he seemed in wonderful shape, too, until he capered midway through *Begin the Beguine* and suddenly heard the unmistakable sound of trousers splitting beneath his tails. With a laugh, he flew through the rest of his act, but next day decided to take steps. He trotted over to Saks Fifth Avenue, asked the rather elegant salesman for one pair of men's nylon tricot boxer shorts, pure black. The clerk blanched, then to his own amazement discovered that the store did indeed have one pair of black nylon shorts. "Do you mind, sir, if I ask, why black?" he said. Stiffening, Ray mugged: "I, sir, am in mourning."

"We've got nothing special planned," said **Bess Truman**. Her daughter Margaret Truman Daniel and four grandchildren did put in a call from Man-



MARTIN LUTHER
Plea for the heretic.

hattan the night before, but otherwise Bess, who has always hated fuss anyhow, spent a quiet day with Harry in the big white house in Independence, Mo., as she passed her 82nd birthday.

At the Paris press conference, the point was to announce that the musical *Coco*, spun around **Gabrielle Chanel**'s half-century *haute couture* in fashion, will be ready for production next fall. But the points all went to Coco herself, who was in the mood to give reporters a rococo little performance about the ups and downs of couture. "This is a lousy time for women," groaned Coco, 83. "Everyone is copying adolescents, and women are dressing more like men. We have lost couture because clothes are designed by men who detest women." After hearing that broadside, Designer Pierre Cardin sniffed: "Mlle. Chanel can say all she likes about our hating women. The only thing that matters is that women do not hate us."

"Damn the torpedoes!" roared Rear Admiral **David G. Farragut**. "Full speed ahead!" It was a great line, but the fact was that the damned torpedoes (as mines were then called) did give the Union ironclad *Tecumseh* the deep six as Farragut's fleet went booming into Mobile Bay on Aug. 5, 1864. The *Tecumseh* sank like a stone to the bottom of the harbor, there to remain for 103 years. Now engineers, working under the sponsorship of the U.S. Navy and the Smithsonian Institution, have located the *Tecumseh* in 38 feet of water by means of electronic metal-detecting devices. Since all the other *Monitor*-class Civil War ironclads were either sunk or sold for scrap, the *Tecumseh*, when hauled to the surface, will be the only surviving prototype of the modern armored Navy vessel.



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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

100 Years in a Candy Store

Harper's Bazaar works at being "not merely the arbiter but the vanguard of fashion" through a combination of hard and soft surprises. Hard (far-out) surprises in the March issue, out next week, include Ferrari-inspired shoes that are red, black, green and yellow, and have wheels and a red "2" painted on their sides. Also hard: a "princessuit" made up of a melon crepe tunic and thigh-tight knee pants with blue crystal trim and blue shoes to match. The soft (expectable) surprise comes in the form of Paris spring fashions, from Dior's white hunting jacket to St. Laurent's daytime version of "*le smoking*."

The mix of far-out and In, hard and soft, is part of the formula that has kept *Bazaar* successful since its founding in 1867. This year the magazine celebrates its 100th birthday with a book to be published by Random House and, come fall, a 90-minute TV spectacular, produced by Leland Hayward, on a century of *Bazaar* women. At 100, *Bazaar* is second in circulation (424,800) to its fashion-world co-Bible, *Vogue* (442,000). But *Bazaar* has fashioned its own niche by aiming at stylish women in Des Moines and Omaha as well as New York and San Francisco. In the pages of *Bazaar*, models take on the appearance of butterflies and snakes, Egyptian mummies and rockets about to be shot into space, under riotously colored silks, and heaps of sequins and feathers. In a 14-page spread by the Japanese photographer Hiro in the current February

issue, models' bodies seem to disintegrate beneath colorful prints. Yet in the same issue are page after black and white page of elegantly understated suits and coats.

Niece Nancy. Started by Harper & Brothers, the book publishers, as a sort of milady's "bazar," the magazine was bought by William Randolph Hearst in 1913 for \$10,000, gained a third *a* in 1929. "We wouldn't take \$10 million now," says *Bazaar's* publisher, William M. Fine. Last year advertising revenues topped \$8,000,000, making *Bazaar* the second biggest moneymaker in the Hearst empire. And in the biggest ad deal in magazine history, Celanese Corp. has bought 100 pages of ads in *Bazaar's* October issue for \$500,000.

It was Carmel Snow, named *Bazaar's* editor in 1932, who gave the magazine its present patina and slickness. In 1958, she was succeeded by her niece, Nancy White. Under her editorship the magazine has become less literary and more topical. While it once ran such titans as Marcel Proust, Franz Kafka and Thomas Hardy, it now favors such social commentators and fashionable authors as Britain's Kenneth Tynan and France's Françoise Sagan. Nancy White and her editors take pride in the fact that *Bazaar* was the first to play up bikinis (on Suzy Parker), women's boots, big watches, and was the first to run a man (Steve McQueen) on the cover.

Precious Prose. Nancy White is calm, pleasant, bright, and fun to have around the office—which, in the frantic business of fashion-magazine publishing, is a rare trifle benefit. *Bazaar's* quarters are in

a drab mid-Manhattan building. Out-of-college girls write most of the precious prose that hard-sells products in *Bazaar's* "Beauty" section. Sample: "Since even a whiff of Emilio Pucci's non-clinch Vivara Perfume is heavenly, a whole new galaxy of products in this free-as-the-wind fragrance sends dedicated Vivara-ites into a happy flutter." The girls have a few toting privileges: if storerooms become crowded with accessories, they are allowed to help themselves to the oversupply.

Manhattan Designer Norman Norell, a friendly critic, says *Harper's Bazaar* is first and foremost a "photographer's magazine." Sometimes, as in the April 1965 issue, the photographer—in this instance, Richard Avedon—reaches way out to Alpha Centauri and science fiction for ideas. The issue, which drew hundreds of letters of protest, carried 19 pages of models attired in space suits, op-prim dresses and Courreges hoots. Not surprisingly, many fashion designers complain that they cannot recognize their own clothes in *Bazaar's* artfully contrived photographs. All the same, *Bazaar* portrays a world of fantasy that proves strangely compelling. "It's like a kid in a candy store," says one compulsive reader. "You get a kick just out of looking."

Nancy White intends to keep it that way. "Our responsibility," she says, "is to inspire, create and point toward a trend. But actually, the philosophy of the magazine was so well set forth in the first 1867 issue that it couldn't be said better today." As the 1867 *Bazaar* put it: "A bazar in oriental parlance is a vast repository for all rare and costly things on earth—silks, velvets, cashmeres, spices, perfumes, and glittering



EDITOR WHITE



1867 BAZAAR
With Ferrari shoes and a niche in Omaha.

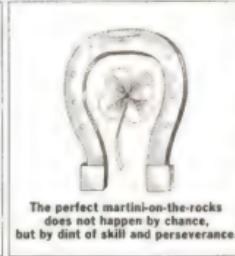


1967 BAZAAR

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One of the biggest standard V-8s



to run on regular gas.
Biggest brakes in the price class.
A torsion-bar suspension system.
Best resale value we've ever had.
The prestige of Chrysler's name.
Isn't it nice these days to be able to make a little bit more go a long, long, long way.

Move up to Chrysler.
It's easy.



Take Charge... Move up to Chrysler '67

Illustration by John McElroy. © 1967 Chrysler Division of the Chrysler Corporation. Motor Trend magazine. November 1967. Photo: Peter H. Jones. Photo: Peter H. Jones. Photo: Peter H. Jones. Photo: Peter H. Jones. Photo: Peter H. Jones.

CHRYSLER 
CHRYSLER
MOTOR CORPORATION

gems: in a word, whatever can comfort the heart and delight the eye is found heaped up there in bewildering profusion. Such a repository we wish *Harper's Bazaar* to be, combining the useful with the beautiful."

NEWSPAPERS

An Heir for the Captain

Bill Moyers, late of the White House, was installed last week as publisher of the prosperous Long Island daily, *Newsday* (circ. 413,000), and heir presumptive to the owner and editor-in-chief, Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, 76. As befits such an occasion, the Captain threw a luncheon for 900 in Garden City that was a must for every New York politician from Governor Rockefeller and Senators Javits and Kennedy

people. "I'll be damned if I do, damned if I don't." Had L.B.J. given him any special parting advice? Yes. "He said, 'I'll keep an eye on you; if you'll keep an eye on Bobby.'"

The Petition Syndrome

Asked recently to sign a Viet Nam petition of some stripe or other, Oxford Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper was finally moved to sound a long-felt complaint. "If I have anything to say, I prefer to choose my own words," wrote he in the London Sunday Times. "I realize that in this I may seem a traitor to my class. No class seems readier than university teachers to join in these orgies of collective public signature. Only a few days ago almost an entire page of the London Times was taken up by a flamboyant round robin, also about



MOYERS (CENTER) WITH WIFE JUDITH AND GUGGENHEIM
Nobody asked the next question.

down to 20 of Nassau and Suffolk counties' senators and assemblymen.

The Captain reminisced over lunch. He recalled how, in the course of dealing with Johnson, he had come to like and admire Moyers. One day last August, Moyers phoned Guggenheim, who was lounging in his trunks on a Savannah beach, to give him a message from L.B.J. On the spur of the moment the Captain said, "Bill, everybody leaves the Government sooner or later. When you are ready to go, how about coming to work for *Newsday*?" To Guggenheim's surprise, Moyers was willing, replying that he might quit "sooner rather than later." Thus, at 32, Moyers was on his way to becoming the Captain's principal aide at *Newsday*.

But can a man who has been one of President Johnson's closest advisers be the kind of impartial journalist needed to run the seventh largest daily in the nation? Moyers conceded that the question is pertinent, all the more so, since L.B.J. "not only gave me employment but his confidence." Would he support the President? "In the eyes of many

Viet Nam. It was an impressive show of massive conformity by nearly 1,500 academics."

Why do they do it? he wondered. "No other profession behaves thus. Why then do dons follow a rule of their own? Are they so much more intelligent? Or can it be that dons are more self-important? Alas, I fear that it may. It may also be that, as a class, they are less individualist, more conformist than other men. Especially, I fear, in a lab. I have not analyzed all 1,500 names. But I have made a sample check." As is true in the U.S., "the scientific preponderance is overwhelming. It is the astrophysicists and the microbiologists who feel themselves most called upon, and best qualified, to solve the complexities of international affairs."

"Perhaps this is quite natural. What is less natural is that the rest of the world should take them seriously." Fortunately, though, no matter what the "public may think, worldly politicians know too well how it is done. They know the vanity of the tribe. They go on as before."

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The Tragedy at Cal:

A Fiscal & Presidential Crisis

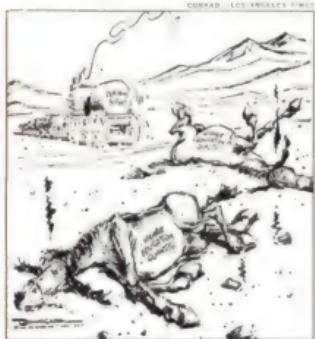
Weary regents of the University of California groped their way toward a temporary resolution of the system's financial crisis in a three-day meeting in Santa Barbara last week. With only Governor Ronald Reagan voicing an audible dissent, the board voted that there will be no imposition of tuition at the university in the 1967-68 school year. Whether there might be a tuition after that will be considered at a regents' meeting next April. The regents also decided that they could live with a hold-the-line budget of \$255 million for 1967-68. That is \$15 million more than this year's budget, but \$23 million less than they had originally proposed. They also chipped in \$19.5 million from

chosen, even though plausible candidates within the university are at hand. Berkeley Chancellor Roger Heyns, who impresses all factions on the campus with both his fairness and firmness, has been stumping the state to argue against tuition and budget cuts, seems incompatible with a Reagan administration. U.C.L.A. Chancellor Franklin Murphy, a Reagan political defender but an opponent of the Governor on the budget issue, seems content to stay in Los Angeles, where he is a civic as well as campus leader.

The blunt and unexpected manner of Kerr's dismissal also makes the finding of a successor difficult, since rightly or wrongly many educators now regard the former president as an academic martyr. As pieced together from Kerr and the accounts of various regents, the details of the president's removal are now clear

During the regular January meeting of the board, Kerr was grilled on this admissions freeze. One regent recalls that "there was an inquisition air about it—the talk was agonizingly tense." Kerr took the questioning as confirmation of the published rumors that the regents were getting set to fire him. On the last day of the regents' meeting, Kerr asked Board Chairman Theodore Meyer and Vice Chairman Dorothy ("Bull") Chandler to his office, told them: "If you've made up your mind to get rid of me, January is better than February." With the financial situation fluid, he later explained, "How could I sit at a table and negotiate when the people across the table had set a time bomb under me to go off Feb. 15 and they knew it, and everyone in the state knew it?"

Quick Execution. Actually, the regents had not expected to move against Kerr that quickly. But Meyer and Chandler understandably reported to the



20 MULE TEAM—LESS 10%



REAGAN (CENTER) & REGENTS AT BUDGET MEETING

After the inquisition, a compromise and an extraordinary challenge.

their reserve fund, which is normally used for special projects.

Although he had not yet won his fight for tuition, Reagan could point to a theoretical saving for state taxpayers of more than \$42 million, at no apparent loss in quality. University officials, however, insist that they will have to limit admissions next year to keep within the budget, which is still a matter of much controversy within the state. Reagan has been roundly denounced for his cost-trimming efforts—most notably by Cartoonist Bill Conrad of the Los Angeles Times (see cuts). Editorially, the Times has been cool to the Governor's tuition proposal, and to a budget cut that would affect university quality.

Outside Choice. The compromise must still be approved by the state legislature. Until the university's fiscal future is clearly resolved, it seems unlikely that the regents will make much headway in finding a successor to former President Clark Kerr. Most observers expect someone outside the state to be

—and they add up to what one regent calls "a tragedy"—because no one wanted it to happen then." Although a majority of the board had long since lost faith in Kerr, they did not want his dismissal to coincide with a new Governor's assumption of office, precisely in order to avoid the political implications. But Kerr's ultimate fate was foreordained. "Good as he is—and he is damn good," says one regent, "he had developed enough barnacles that he had to go."

Kerr accumulated his first set of barnacles with his handling of the 1964 Berkeley riots, which alienated students and faculty as well as the regents. The board was further annoyed when Kerr in 1965 publicly resigned without first consulting the regents; they persuaded him to reconsider, but many resented the power squeeze. Still another mistake was Kerr's swift reaction to Reagan's initial budget and tuition proposals, when he ordered a temporary hold on student admissions—again without consulting the regents.



"WE'RE CUTTING EVERYTHING BACK 10%...!"

board that Kerr was insisting on an immediate "vote of confidence." Kerr, also understandably, saw it more as "a clarification of status" and, believing the votes were against him, as "a suggestion for quick execution." Some regents, however, felt that Kerr was gambling on the possibility that the regents would not dare fire him in order to avoid the charge of political interference.

The debate continued for 2½ hours, with each regent airing his feelings about Kerr. Reagan was among those who proposed that the question of Kerr's status be postponed. "By the time everybody had had his say," recalls one, "it was like squeezing the toothpaste out of the tube—you can't get it back in—and it was perfectly obvious that there was a lack of confidence in Kerr." In the end, the 14 to 8 vote went against Kerr. After the decision, Meyer and Mrs. Chandler told Kerr of the vote, and asked on behalf of the regents if he would resign. A proud

man, who has insisted all along that he would never quit under fire, Kerr refused, saying that the board must take the responsibility.

Too Much Red Tape. Cal's next president, no matter who he is, faces an extraordinarily difficult challenge—part of it brought on by Kerr's administrative indecisiveness, part of it inherent in the job itself. One problem is to restore confidence in the presidency on the university's nine campuses; although some students and professors are privately relieved that Kerr has gone, most also remain distinctly fearful that his successor may turn out to be worse. And despite Cal's reputation for excellence, it is a university with a host of unsolved academic problems. Although Kerr gave far greater authority to the campus chancellors than they had ever had before, some professors still complain that there is too much bureaucratic red tape. Kerr also insisted that teaching ability should rate equally with research skills, but Cal is still governed by a publish-or-perish system that alienates students and forces professors to quantitative rather than qualitative production.

Still another major issue that the new president must face is the future growth of the university. One of Kerr's major achievements at Cal was the state's master plan for higher education, which sees an ultimate expansion to a super-multiplicity of eleven campuses with 149,000 students by 1975. Some regents feel that Kerr never really faced up to the ultimate cost of this program for growth, simply assuming that somehow the state, like God, would provide what was needed. In defense of Kerr's grandiose plans, however, university officials point out that California, with the second highest per capita income of the 13 Western states, spends proportionately far less on higher education than most of its neighbors. The annual cost per student has actually dropped from \$710 to \$690 (in noninflated dollars) since 1958.

Defining the Job. In the long run, perhaps the most important question is how well Kerr's successor defines and clarifies his job. At Cal, the line of authority between regents, the president and the chancellors of the nine campuses has always been fuzzy—and there have been suggestions that the president is actually superfluous. Some regents believe that Kerr was remiss in not trying hard enough to redefine his responsibilities clearly enough—even though redefinition is also a responsibility of the board.

To a lesser degree, the problems that have plagued the University of California and Clark Kerr exist in most of the expanding state university systems. Because California has set the pace toward excellence, how it resolves them—financially, administratively and academically—will have a significant impact on the shaping of higher education in the U.S.

New School for Old Students

Most universities start out as small liberal arts colleges, adding more advanced programs, courses and departments as they expand. Not Manhattan's New School for Social Research. Founded in 1919, the no-longer-new New School began as a nondegree institution aimed at adults, added a graduate school, and only later turned to undergraduate teaching. Today, in fact, there are just 64 undergrads—all juniors and seniors—among the New School's more than 10,000 students.

Although chartered as a university, the New School has no science labs, no college clubs, no athletic teams. What keeps New Yorkers coming to its three-building, modern "campus" in Greenwich Village is an ever-changing curriculum that is almost as contemporary as a daily newspaper. Its smorgas-

join the staff is *National Review* Editor William Buckley. Next fall he will teach a noncredit course on "Issues and Problems of the City: A Conservative View."

That kind of provocative courseworking results in a mature (average age is 36) student body that includes not only bearded beats but rising young lawyers and mod yet earnest matrons. Among the most popular offerings are the New School's highly regarded art courses. Among its best-known alumnae is Eleanor Roosevelt, who studied there in the late 20s. While starring as the attorney-hero of television's *The Defenders*, Actor E. G. Marshall studied law at the New School. Even so astute a politician as Tammany Leader J. Raymond Jones enrolled last year in its popular Center for New York City Affairs, where courses are led by such experts as Deputy Mayor Timothy Costello and Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton.

The New School was created by a group of former Columbia University professors—including Historian Charles Beard, Philosopher James Harvey Robinson and Economists Wesley Mitchell and Alvin Johnson—who felt that Columbia limited their freedom to teach unconventional courses and express unpopular views. By the early '30s, the New School had gained a certain vogue as a center of night-school uplift for left-wing intellectuals. It acquired new academic respectability in the mid-'30s by creating a "University in Exile" on the talents of about 50 European scholars who had fled fascism in Germany and Italy and formed a Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science at the New School.

What Students Want. The goal of the New School, says President John Everett, is to "educate adults." The university did not set up undergraduate credit courses until 1944, still has no plans to admit freshmen and sophomores. Currently, its only bachelor-degree candidates are enrolled in the experimental New School College, which offers a two-year program in the humanities and social sciences. The students get no grades, pursue no major, but receive plenty of individual attention, and pass or fail on the basis of interdisciplinary final exams. New School Dean Allen Austill selected the college's seven-man faculty on the basis of what subjects students want, since "faculty interests are not only different from but detrimental to students' interests."

"The machined and polished liberal arts curriculum first developed for the production of ministers, doctors, financial and government people," says President Everett, "is just not applicable in a world that changes so damned fast." Under Everett, former chancellor of the City University of New York, the New School hews to no philosophy except, as he puts it, that "human problems are only going to be solved by the application of highly literate, active intellects."



DOUGLAS & CLASS
As contemporary as a newspaper.

bord of noncredit classes ranges from "The Art of Singing Folk Songs" to the crassly commercial "What the Editor Wants: Media Placement in Public Relations." In the spring of 1965, the New School ran a course on the Warren Commission findings; this term it has a continuing series of lectures on the Viet Nam war—and it quickly signed up Harrison Salisbury of the New York Times for a 70-minute report almost as soon as he returned from Hanoi.

Issues & Problems. The New School's professors are almost as unusual as what they teach. The most recent faculty addition is former Illinois Senator Paul Douglas, who last week taught his opening graduate seminar on "Current Economics and Political Problems." Collegiate Hero Paul Goodman (*Growing Up Absurd*) conducts a graduate course in higher education at the New School, while waiting in the wings to

SCIENCE

TECHNOLOGY

Extending Man's Grasp

Merely by turning his head, the pilot of an experimental Bell helicopter can cause a highly sensitive TV camera mounted in the nose of his craft to swivel in the same direction. And since the camera can "see" in the dark, its TV images, reflected onto special eyeglasses, give the pilot invaluable, owl-like vision at night.

To maneuver an agile four-legged "quadruped" truck that is being developed by General Electric for travel over rough terrain, the driver controls the vehicle's front legs with hand-operated levers; the rear legs are moved by the driver's own legs, which are strapped into control braces. Feedback circuits allow the driver to "feel" the traction on the ground beneath him.

These remarkable extensions of man's grasp and vision are relatively simple examples of a relatively new and promising technology called "telefactoring" (doing something at a distance). Merely by adding miniaturized electronics and wide-band communications, says Electrical Engineer William Bradley, the pilot can be taken out of his cockpit, the driver out of his truck. The distance between them and their work can be extended across a continent. Eventually, Bradley told the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, a more sophisticated form of telefactoring may replace human beings on many space flights—without replacing the judgments and actions that are now possible only if an astronaut is on board.

Robot in Space. In Bradley's system, a ground-based astronaut would strap himself into a control harness or frame

that would be a virtual duplicate of a telefactor aboard an orbiting spacecraft (see diagram). Should the astronaut want to adjust a cabin control, for example, he would reach his arm toward a knob on a duplicate of the spacecraft's instrument panel. His every motion would be translated into electronic signals and transmitted to the telefactor in orbit. Servomechanisms on the telefactor would move its arm toward the actual spacecraft control panel. Feedback devices on the telefactor's hands would enable the earthbound operator to feel just how strong a grasp they were exerting—allowing the robot to make adjustments without exerting damaging pressure on delicate instruments. Using the same system, Bradley says, a telefactor could work outside the ship, assembling solar-cell panels or erecting space platforms "as effortlessly as a child assembling Tinkertoys."

Telefactors built with present skills and off-the-shelf equipment would come close to providing a human presence aboard a spacecraft without requiring the complex and bulky life-support systems that provide food, water and oxygen to astronauts. Because a telefactor is expendable, it could be used on missions too hazardous for man; its spacecraft would not require the retrorocket system, extra fuel and heat shield necessary for a safe return trip to earth.

Quarry on Mars. There are, however, some distinct limitations on the capabilities of Bradley's mechanical man. Beyond about 30,000 miles, admits the

imaginative engineer, round-trip time delay in the transmission and receipt of telemetry signals becomes a distinct drawback. "Real-time" human activity is impossible. If a telefactor operating on the surface of Mars were to spot a Martian running by, for example, its TV picture—traveling at the speed of light (186,000 miles per sec.)—would take about three minutes to reach the headset of its controller when Mars is closest to earth. Even if the controller were to respond immediately by reaching out to grab the Martian, another three minutes would elapse before his telemetered signals caused the telefactor to make its grab. By that time the quarry might well have vanished.

Bradley worked out his telefactoring plans while on the job at the Institute for Defense Analyses, an Arlington, Va., "think tank" that exists almost entirely on Defense Department contracts. The idea seemed so promising to DOD officials that they encouraged him to present it at the AIAA meeting, hoping to stimulate further development of telefactoring devices by private industry. That development, Bradley believes, is inevitable. He is already looking forward to the day when controllers will operate telefactor infants from the safety of bunkers and casualties will be counted in machines, not men.

ANTHROPOLOGY

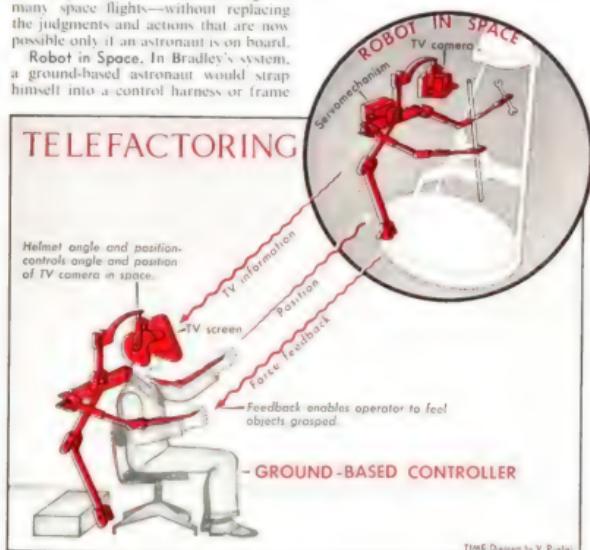
Unpalatable Man

One of man's earliest ancestors, says Anthropologist Louis Leakey, was a puny creature named *Kenyapithecus afericanus* that inhabited the earth 20 million years ago. Bones that Leakey found in his native Kenya are the basis of this conclusion. But they also raise a troubling question. How did the weakling those bones belonged to ever survive his hostile environment? He would have been no match for faster and more powerful carnivorous beasts, such as the forebears of lions and leopards, and man did not begin making weapons capable of warding off attacks from big cats until about 2,000,000 years ago.

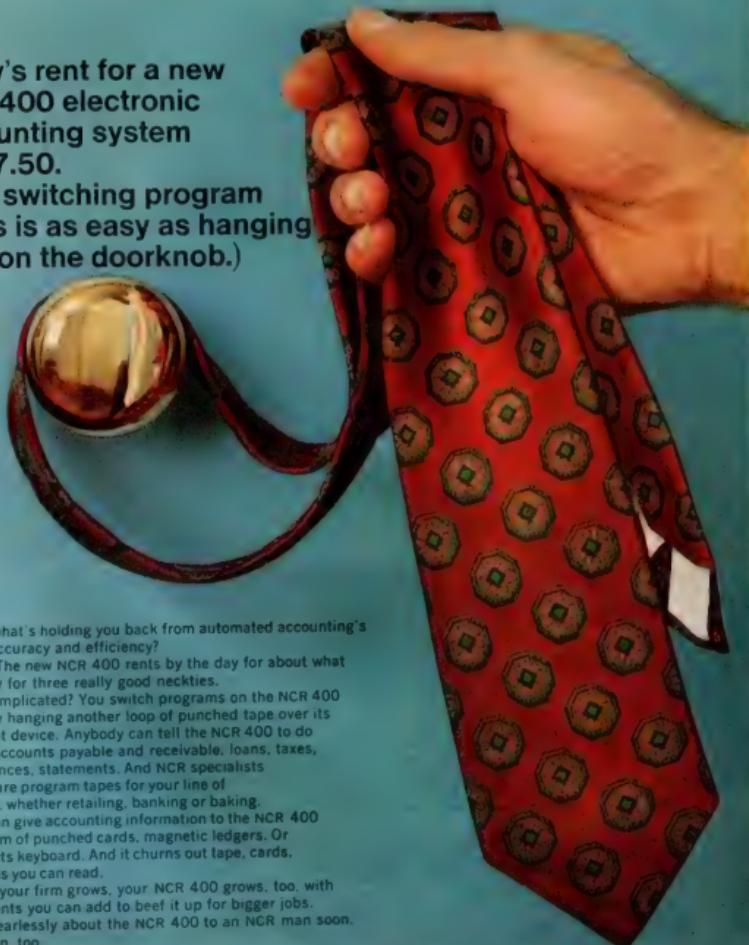
The answer, Leakey has been telling audiences on his current U.S. speaking tour, may be simply that predatory animals cannot stomach man unless they are desperately hungry. "Nature endowed us, like the shrews," he says, "with something of either a nasty taste or smell."

Back in Kenya, Leakey has seen hungry lions walk through camps past sleeping, defenseless men to stalk and kill nearby antelope. On the rare occasions when they do kill a man, he says, they merely sniff at his body and walk away in disgust with nary a taste. He also notes that the big cats feast on baboons but generally disdain chimpanzees, which are closer relatives of man and presumably give off their version of the manlike odor that these predators find so unattractive. "To this odor," Leakey believes, "we owe our survival. Man is not eat food."

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THE LAW

DECISIONS

The Rosenberg Myth

Overwhelming evidence sent Ethel and Julius Rosenberg to the electric chair as Soviet atomic spies in 1953. But a stubborn myth persists that they were framed. That myth sustains Morton Sobell, 49, who got a 30-year sentence as the Rosenbergs' co-conspirator. Last week Manhattan's U.S. District Judge Edward Weinfeld rejected Sobell's seventh appeal, a tree-swinging charge that the Government convicted the Rosenbergs—and him, too—with "false, perjurious" evidence.

In a 79-page opinion, Judge Weinfeld coolly reviewed the case that Authors Walter and Miriam Schneir hotbed up in their recent pro-Rosenberg polemic, *Invitation to an Inquest* (Doubleday). Part of that book was inspired by the fact that Sobell had not been specifically accused of helping the Rosenbergs tell the Russians how the 1945 Nagasaki A-bomb worked. Sobell's lesser crime was that he helped Julius Rosenberg bodge a Navy Department engineer for classified antiaircraft and fire-control information. Even so, he was indicted with the Rosenbergs and duly convicted of engaging in the "single conspiracy" to spy for the Russians.

Visitor from Julius. In his first appeal, Sobell argued that he was not part of the atomic plot and was unfairly handicapped by being forced to stand trial with the Rosenbergs. When he lost, the only tactic he had left was to attack the whole case against the Rosenbergs. If they were innocent, so was he. Thus, he tried to shake the testimony of the two conspirators who became star prosecution witnesses, even though they never had any visible connection with Sobell himself.

► David Greenglass (Ethel Rosenberg's brother) was a U.S. Army machinist stationed in Los Alamos as part of what turned out to be the Manhattan Project. In January 1945, he said, Julius Rosenberg asked him to watch out for a new bomb, parts of which he soon found himself machining. On June 3, Greenglass handed lens-mold sketches to a courier who gave the password: "I come from Julius." In September, Greenglass went to New York and gave Rosenberg a cross-section sketch of a Nagasaki-type bomb. Greenglass pleaded guilty before testifying, got a 15-year sentence after the trial, and is now free.

► Harry Gold, the courier, is also now free. He testified that in June of 1945, his Soviet-consul spymaster, Anatoli Yakovlev, sent him to pick up information from Turnoat Physicist Klaus Fuchs in Santa Fe and from Greenglass in Albuquerque, where he signed a registration card in his own name at the Hotel Hilton. At the time of the Rosenberg trial, Gold had already pleaded guilty and was serving a 30-year sentence for conspiring with Fuchs.

Strong Corroboration. To shake the Greenglass story, Sobell's lawyers attacked the Nagasaki-bomb sketch (TIME, Aug. 12) with affidavits from two ex-Manhattan Project scientists. Both scorned the sketch as amateurish, inaccurate, a naive "caricature" of the bomb, which could not possibly have aided the Russians.

With gentler scorn, Judge Weinfeld pointed out that the Government was not required to prove that the espionage agents had "achieved perfection" by stealing all specifications for mass-scale bomb production. Such standards were "irrelevant" to the case, Weinfeld said. Greenglass was merely out "to get what

charges, strongly corroborates Gold's trial testimony." In short, ruled Weinfeld, Sobell has nothing to complain about. "No act or conduct on the part of the Government deprived him of a fundamentally fair trial."

THE SUPREME COURT

Burning Words, Yes Burning Cards, No

After publicly burning his draft card as a "symbolic protest" in Manhattan in 1965, Roman Catholic Pacifist David J. Miller, 24, became the first person to be convicted under a new law that makes card burning punishable by a \$10,000 fine or five years' imprisonment, or both. When Miller appealed his suspended three-year sentence, he



SOBELL & THE ROSENBERGS LEAVING COURT (1951)

Perfection was not required.

he could"; his success was proved by the scientists' own affidavits, which described his version of the bomb as "correct in its most vague and general aspects." In 1945 that was plenty.

As for Gold's story, Sobell's lawyers claimed that he never met Greenglass when he said he did. They said Gold's hotel registration card was forged (supposedly by the FBI). Wholly unproved, ruled Judge Weinfeld, quietly noting that Sobell's petition contained no affidavit from the one person who knows the facts—the still available room clerk who presumably handled the card.

Finally, the Sobell petition claimed that the Government suppressed recordings of 1950 interviews between Gold and his lawyer, which might have revealed perjury in his story of the Greenglass meeting. Such suppression, said Weinfeld, was impossible. Because the recordings were protected by the "lawyer-client privilege," they were not even given to the FBI until 2½ years after the trial. Moreover, said the judge, "a careful reading of the transcripts of the recordings and all other material, rather than supporting petitioner's

argued that Congress had enacted the law deliberately to suppress dissent. Indeed, the bill's proponents made no secret of the fact that it was aimed at "beatniks"—meaning critics of the U.S. war effort in Viet Nam.

Last fall, Miller lost his case in the U.S. Appellate Court. Last week the Supreme Court refused to review it. Whether the Justices think the law constitutional or whether they did not want to tackle that issue now may never be known. By their refusal to act, however, they left standing a new rule that the First Amendment right to utter burning words does not protect the act of burning draft cards.

Unbalancing Holmes. In rejecting Miller's argument last fall, the Appellate Court pointed out that Congress is fully empowered to regulate the draft: the card-burning law, which amends the Selective Service Act, simply strengthened "an already existing regulatory scheme." If a law is thus constitutional on its face, said the court, judges are not ordinarily supposed to probe its sponsors' "real" motives.

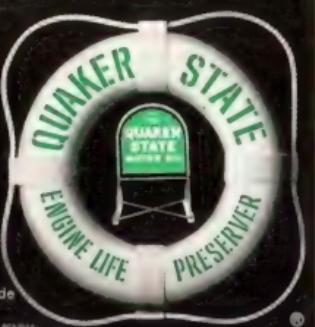
Miller's lawyers tried to dig deeper:



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they argued that the First Amendment protects card burning as "symbolic speech," and they urged the court to apply Justice Holmes's famous dictum that mere words cannot be punished unless they create "a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent." Miller & Co. insisted that burning a draft card endangers no one except the burner. The information on the card is already on file; moreover, another law makes it a crime to be in "willful nonpossession" of a draft card. In short, they argued, the antiburning law deliberately punishes what is in effect nondangerous "speech."

Balancing Dissent. The Appellate Court flatly refused to raise a protective umbrella over all "symbolic conduct"—noting that such a broad interpretation might include anything from a "thumbs-down gesture to political assassination." Most important, it rejected the Holmes test. Instead, it followed the Supreme Court's recent tendency to "balance" the interests served by a statute v. free speech. Draft cards are vital to running the draft, said the Appellate Court. They backstop lost records and help control evaders. The need to retain them takes precedence over any alleged right to burn them. Holmesians might be troubled, but the decision hardly suppressed the right to dissent. David Miller and "those who agree with him," said the court, "remain free, as indeed they should be, to criticize national policy as they desire by the written or spoken word; they are simply not free to destroy Selective Service certificates."

A Classic Case Of False Evidence

On a fall afternoon in 1955, eight-year-old Janice May was found raped and beaten beside the railroad tracks near Canton, Ill. She died an hour later. Subsequently, Canton Cab Driver Lloyd E. Miller Jr., 28, was sentenced to death for the crime. Yet Janice's murder remains unsolved. Last week the Supreme Court unanimously reversed Miller's conviction because the prosecution had used false evidence with an almost incredible disregard for U.S. standards of fair trial.

Gruesome Impact. Cabby Miller became a suspect when one of his passengers reported that he had confessed to the murder. After he was arrested, Miller was held incommunicado for 52 hours, denied counsel and told that one of his pubic hairs had been found in the child's vagina. The police assured him that he was mentally ill and would be sent to a hospital if he confessed. Soon after Miller signed a police-written confession, he recanted.

The prosecution refused to let Miller's lawyer examine the physical evidence before the trial. And when a police chemist said that the hair found in the child was not Miller's, Fulton County Prosecutor Blaine Ramsey decided

not to mention it. He made do with other evidence: a pair of "bloodstained" undershorts, which he said Miller had shucked off after the crime. The shorts were apparently too small for Miller, but a police chemist testified that the blood was type A, the same as the child's, while Miller's was type O. Prosecutor Ramsey brandished the shorts with what Justice Potter Stewart last week called "gruesomely emotional impact upon the jury."

Paint—Not Blood. For seven years, Miller awaited execution. Seven hours before his scheduled death in 1963, a federal judge granted him a habeas corpus hearing at which he was finally allowed to have his own chemist examine the shorts. The stains were paint—not

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MILLER
The stain was on the state.

blood. Even more startling, the state conceded that the prosecutor had known the truth during the trial.

That was not the only revelation. At the 1963 hearing, the prosecution lost its star witness, Betty Baldwin, the Canton passenger who had testified that Miller blurted a confession while she was riding in his cab. Now she completely recanted her story. Then there was Miller's landlady: she had refused to aid his lawyers in 1956 after the prosecution told her that she had a constitutional right to silence. Now she testified that Miller was asleep in his room at the time of the crime.

The judge who granted Miller the habeas hearing in 1963 had ordered him released or retried, but the state won a reversal in a U.S. appellate court. Last week the Supreme Court reversed that reversal: Miller must be freed or retried. Said Justice Stewart: "More than 30 years ago, this court held that the 14th Amendment cannot tolerate a state criminal conviction obtained by the knowing use of false evidence. There has been no deviation from that principle. There can be no retreat."



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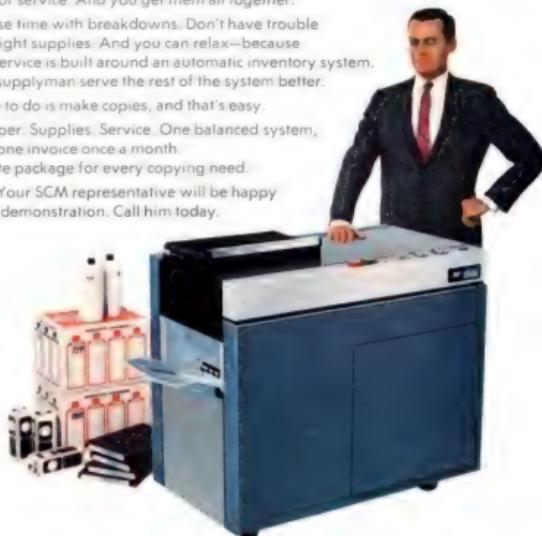
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SPORT

ICE HOCKEY

Good Gvoth!

"As Bobby Hull goes, so go the Black Hawks," runs an old Chicago saying. But Hull always goes just fine—he has won the National Hockey League scoring title three times—while the Chicago Black Hawks got nowhere. In 40 years, they have never finished first in the N.H.L. There is always a first time though. As of last week, the Black Hawks had won or tied 15 of their last 16 games, led the second-place New York Rangers by 14 points with only 19 games to play.

Hull, as might be expected, is still going well; he already has scored 37 goals this season. So, for that matter, are Chicago's two goalies, Glenn Hall and Denis DeJordy, who between them have allowed just 121 goals—lowest total in the league. Yet the man most responsible for the Black Hawks' surge is a pint-sized Czechoslovakian refugee named Stanislav Gvoth.

At 5 ft., 9 in., and 162 lbs., Stanislav Gvoth, alias Stan Mikita (the family name of his aunt and uncle in Ontario, with whom he went to live in 1948), is one of the smallest centers in the N.H.L.—and the best. An acrobatic skater and a slick stickhandler who plays on what Chicago Coach Billy Reay calls his "Scooter Line," Mikita was the league's No. 1 scorer (based on goals and assists) for two seasons running before losing the title last year to his teammate Hull. Mikita should have no trouble winning it back this year. Against the Detroit Red Wings last week, he scored one goal and an assist to run his league-leading point total to 76, a good

20 more than his closest competitor.

Although Mikita has been demoralizing enemy goalies for seven years with his deft wrist shots and whistling slap shots, he was widely regarded until this season as a "chippy"—a loudmouth who goaded opponents and officials, deliberately picked fights on the ice. The reputation was costly both to Stan and the Black Hawks: through last season, he averaged 106 minutes a year in the penalty box. Now Mikita has reformed. He has collected only twelve minutes in penalties this year, which accounts in large part for his increased scoring output and the Black Hawks' new success. "Call it maturity if you want," says Mikita. "Or call it a savings plan. Penalties cost money—\$25 for a misconduct penalty. They hurt, and they're stupid. I haven't changed my game all that much. I still talk to the referees. I just don't swear at them any more."

TRACK & FIELD

The Wayward Pole

From little technicalities, great frustrations grow. Look at Bob Seagren, the handsome young (20) University of Southern California sophomore and pole vaulter extraordinary. As extraordinary, that is, as a technicality in the rules will permit him to be. Seagren does hold the world indoor record of 17 ft., 2 in. But he has equaled and beaten that mark in competition this winter—and neither of those leaps will ever be noted in the record book. Last month, Bob soared 17 ft., 2 in.; two weeks ago, he went 17 ft., 3½ in.—clearing the crossbar with a good 6 in. to spare. Both jumps were nullified by Section 20(e) of A.A.U. Track and Field Rule No. 42, which specifies that a vault "shall be a failure if a competitor clears the bar, but having relinquished his hold on the pole, the latter passes underneath the bar."

Nobody seems to know exactly who thought up Section 20(e)—and nobody knows exactly why. "The whole idea in pole vaulting is to get over the bar and not knock it off," says Dan Ferris, former national secretary of the A.A.U. "If that's what the vaulter does, the jump should count." Seagren naturally agrees. At Los Angeles, he says, "right after I let go of the pole, I could see it was going to fall forward. As I came down I tried to kick it back. I actually touched it with my foot, but I couldn't stop it."

Such contortions, of course, might not be necessary if Bob Seagren could remember to flick the pole back with his thumb at the moment of release—as does Competitor John Pennel. "But that's instinctive with me," admits Pennel. "I just do it automatically. Bob hasn't been vaulting as long as I have." The fiber-glass pole apparently is not a factor in Seagren's troubles, but one



SEAGREN SETTING NON-RECORD IN LOS ANGELES

A little too much stickum in the rules.

problem may be the stickum with which Bob, like most vaulters, coats his hands to help him grip the pole better on his approach. Still, Seagren insists that the main issue is Section 20(e) itself, which seems to be aimed only at the best vaulters. To clear 17 ft. with a 16-ft. pole, he explains, a jumper must push himself almost straight up at the moment of release. "It's not trouble nudging the pole back at lower height. But at 17 ft. you don't have any natural leverage."

As Seagren sees it, there are only two solutions: 1) get the rule changed, or 2) get lucky.

BASKETBALL

For All the Marbles

The only Negro head coach of a major professional team would have a hard time staying out of the spotlight—even if he did not stand 6 ft., 10 in., sport a beard, and wear an opera cape instead of an overcoat. The glare is especially bright for Bill Russell, 33, because he is in his first season as player-coach of the Boston Celtics, whose eight straight National Basketball Association championships make them the most successful team in U.S. pro-sport. The only change he can make in the Celtics is a change for the worse. So when people ask why he took the job, Bill answers with a parable. "There was this fellow who wanted to be a coach and, realizing he'd have to talk a lot, decided to take voice lessons. 'Put these twelve marbles in your mouth,' the instructor told him, 'and keep talking. Remove them one at a time. When you're lost, all your marbles, you'll be ready to coach.'"

Hard Brother. True, Russell's Celtics trail the Philadelphia 76ers by 7½ games in the race for the regular season Eastern Division championship. But last week they beat the 76ers for the fourth time in seven games this season, 113-112.



MIKITA (21) IN ACTION AGAINST DETROIT
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The light one

—and there is no reason to suspect that they can't do it again in next month's postseason playoffs. True, Russell makes mistakes: in one game, he was fined for forgetting to call a required time out (thereby costing the TV sponsor a commercial); in another, he sent in a substitute without removing the player he was supposed to substitute for—giving Boston six men on court instead of the regulation five. But to a man the Celtics agree that Bill is a more than capable coach. "He's doing a great job," says Guard K. C. Jones. "He breathes hard, just like a player."

Russell is, in fact, his own best player—a defensive genius who is averaging 21.9 rebounds and 14.2 points per game, despite the fact that he has been playing with two sprained fingers and a torn



COACH RUSSELL

Any change is a change for the worse.

hamstring muscle in his thigh. If anything, says former Celtics Coach Red Auerbach, now the club's general manager, coaching has improved the quality of Bill's play. "He never had to consider the feelings of other players before," explains Auerbach. "Now that he does have to think of others, he has grown as a person and gained added motivation as a player."

Busy Thinkers. Under Russell, the Celtics are basically the same ball club they were under Auerbach. They use the same seven set plays (plus about 25 options), depend as always on a tight, pressing defense and a run-and-shoot offense to win their games. But now they are more of a thinking team—because Russell encourages them to be. "We're all invited to participate," says Guard Jones. "We help him keep track of team fouls and individual fouls. We keep our eyes open for switches the other team might make." Not that Russell necessarily accepts the advice. "I absorb the intelligence," he says, "but the decisions are made by the man in charge."

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NEWS NEWS!

What is news? Webster says simply that it is "matter of interest," a definition at once prosaic yet broad. News, Webster might have added, is also reflection — clear second thoughts on current history. News is also relative. The impact of one event is invariably shaped by the force of others.

TIME

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine

The man who forgets to feed the lawn is usually the one who blames his soil the loudest.

Scotts

THE THEATER

Mocking Bard

The mark of distinction is not automatically stamped on every British theatrical export. The Bristol Old Vic, which made its Broadway debut with two Shakespearean plays last week in the midst of a four-month tour of the U.S. and Canada, is, as its name implies, a provincial repertory troupe. The company tends to substitute energy for excitement; it gives drama the steady, dependable joggle of a railroad trip, instead of sealing peaks or plumbing abysses. The actors read their lines with unfaltering clarity, but they seem less well acquainted with the minds and hearts of the characters they are playing.

Measure for Measure is one of Shakespeare's sour comedies. It is a play about honor that is marked by the lack of it: the lovers are mostly lechers, and purity is mocked as pretense. Concerned about the state of public morals, the Duke of Vienna selects Angelo, a man of seemingly flinty virtues, to take full power over the state. He enforces the laws with undeviating severity while the Duke masquerades as a lowly friar. In a fury of purity, Angelo orders a young gentleman, Claudio, to be executed for fornication. Claudio's sister Isabella, a novice in religious habit, pleads with Angelo to show mercy. Suddenly his puritanical iciness melts into lust, and he offers Isabella her brother's life in exchange for her body. Through one of Shakespeare's wrong-girl-in-the-right-bed ploys, Isabella preserves not only Claudio's life but her own honor.

Time has not been entirely kind to *Measure for Measure*. The modern temper finds more humor than honor in struggles to preserve chastity. Moreover, there is something unappealing about nearly every character in the play. Though it has a happy ending, *Measure for Measure* is not a happy play. It is one of those dramas in which humanity seemed to raise a stench in Shakespeare's nostrils.

Hamlet, as the theatrical cliché has it, is the play in which the title actor cannot fail. It might be truer to say that he can never wholly succeed. The part demands the range of a concert virtuoso, for Hamlet is both gentle and brutal, passionate and detached, slow to act yet violent in action — a volatile tangle of will, thought, word and deed. Hamlet is also the first supremely self-conscious hero to tread the stage. This is where Richard Paces's failure is most manifest. He portrays a computer's Hamlet, mechanically feeding himself punch cards marked Father's Ghost, Ophelia, Laertes, Horatio, Polonius, Claudius, Gertrude, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and responding mechanically to them. His co-players do not perceptibly help by acting like crumpled punch cards.



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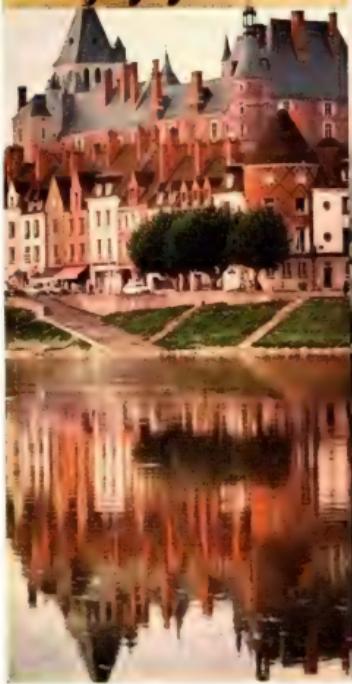


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MUSIC



PETER SERKIN AT PHILHARMONIC HALL

Only because he likes to eat.

PIANISTS

The Boy Who Hates Circuses

For Pianist Peter Serkin, musical nirvana is being serenaded up in a recording studio retaping and re-retaping portions of some concerto. Like Glenn Gould, Serkin, 19, is one of the new strain of virtuosos who play beautiful music but in few other ways resemble the traditional concert soloist. He is totally indifferent to audiences, abhors the personality cult, is convinced that performers get in the way of the music, and that the only way to play is in the quiet privacy of the recording studio, where perfection is the only reality. "Listening to music," he says, "should be the most intimate and personal experience. The mass excitement generated in the circus atmosphere of today's concert halls is superficial at best, based on something that is not really essential to music."

Peter is Pianist Rudolf Serkin's son, but he is out to make it on his own. Since he likes to eat, he does force himself to play a public concert now and then. His recent recital at Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall was, typically, a study in reluctance. Even his posture seemed vaguely discontented. Creeping up on the piano keyboard, he curled his bulky 6-ft. 1-in. frame into a question mark, repeatedly dipped his head as if he were literally going to play the music by ear.

His program was ambitious, a no-compromise mixture of the new, the old and the damnable difficult. In Schoenberg's slow, brooding *Five Piano Pieces*, he stretched and examined each phrase with all the intense care and concentration of a surgeon. In Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*, an awesome challenge to pianists twice his age, he impetuously jiggled tempos and juggled



RUDOLF SERKIN

rhythms without catching the full depth and breadth of the music. In Mozart's *Sonata in F Major*, he was all lucidity and logic, rippling through the trickiest passages with an almost playful ease. His interpretations were introspective and often compellingly original; his technique was dazzling, his involvement total.

Unbearable Teas. At first glance, Serkin looks more like a folk-rocker than he does like a concert pianist. His hair is modishly shaggy, his talk casually disheveled, his talk typically teen. "It's difficult to be an American these days," he sighs, "especially a young one. There's a whole generation running things who lived through the most terrible times in history—wars, the bomb, tensions, heading for disaster. I think everybody's pressing down on us—on the young people—as a substitute for solving problems, as a release from tensions."

Though Serkin talks like a sorrowful rebel, he is a shy, reserved lad whose most burning concern at the moment is simply growing up. It has not been easy. His father, aware of the rigors of the concert life, never encouraged him to become a musician. But in a family that rewarded the children with a nickel if they could sing a pitch-perfect F sharp first thing each morning, Peter's future was certainly predictable. "I first thought of being a composer," he says. "Then I thought about conducting. Then, gradually, I became resigned to being a pianist." At the age of eleven, he entered Philadelphia's Curtis Institute and studied with his father in a "depersonalized re-

lationship." He made his formal debut at twelve, five years later began concertizing abroad—and hated every minute of it. "All those tea parties," he shudders, "the interviews, the bouncing from one hotel room to another, the pressures—unbearable."

Shock-Rock. Today Peter lives alone in a Manhattan apartment, which he describes as a "cave"; it is cluttered with books, 3,000 recordings, hi-fi equipment, and huge pop posters of Frankenstein and the Beatles. He has lately developed a passion for the "rugged primitivism" of rock 'n' roll, recently turned up at an avant-garde concert to play his Bachian treatment of the Beatles' song *Yesterday*. Attired in the accepted uniform of Hans Brinker cap and rumpled corduroy jacket, he goes to Greenwich Village to hear shock-rock, stays up half the night in the coffeehouses discussing philosophy and the merits of LSD. "The only reason I'm not an acidhead right now," he says, "is that I have to play these damn concerts."

Recordings, of course, are something else. Peter has already produced Bach's *Goldberg Variations*, Schubert's *Sonata in G* and Bartók's first and third piano concertos for RCA Victor. Beginning this fall, he plans to give up concertizing altogether for at least a year so that he can devote more time to recording and study. Says his father: "Peter is developing by himself—certainly intellectually. I have no fears for his future. He has guts."

DANCE

Royal Flash

When Flemming Flindt was named director of the Royal Danish Ballet a year ago, the ballet world was caught flat-footed. At 29, he was not only one of the youngest dancers ever to head a major ballet company, but his skills as a choreographer were largely unknown



KIRKBY PHOTOGRAPHY, DANCEVIEW

He is the fourth of six children. His older brother John is a French horn player with the Orlando, Fla., symphony; his four sisters are amateur musicians.

GELKER & FLINDT IN "MANDARIN"
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and untested. In the U.S., audiences knew him mainly as the fellow who had choreographed a blatantly erotic sequence for the Metropolitan Opera's *Faust*.

But that sort of daring was exactly what the Royal Danish Ballet was looking for. Typical of the new look he has given the Danes is his flashy new production of Bartók's nightmarish *The Miraculous Mandarin*, which has been running in Copenhagen for the past few weeks. A series of taut opening scenes, ominously underscored by Bartók's crashing, nervous music, sets the sordid story: a leering, undulating streetwalker lures her men to a shadowy room where a trio of gangsters beat and rob them. The last victim is a hideously ugly, stooped Chinese mandarin, danced by Flindt himself. After a grotesquely forceful solo, he engages the streetwalker—provocatively danced by Vivi Geller—in a scorching sensual *pas de deux*. The gangsters move in and repeatedly stab and then strangle him. But he refuses to die, and in desperation they hang him from a "column of lust." Still he fingers, and the streetwalker, strangely touched by the power of his passion, embraces him and, after one final moment of redemption, he expires.

Romp & Stomp. The Danish critics, many of whom were skeptical of upstart Flindt at the outset, agreed that, in a year of forward strides, *Mandarin* was the grand jeté. When Flindt took over, he started straight off to dress up the troupe's traditional repertory and leave it with new modern works.

Boldly, he choreographed "total theater," in which a work was not "evaluated solely on the intricacy of its movements but on its overall theatrical impact." His first full-length ballet was a total-theater version of *The Three Musketeers*, a romp-and-stomp spectacle in which the Danish swashbucklers made Douglas Fairbanks look like a party poop. Later, he enlivened and internationalized his programs with *Afternoon of a Faun* by America's Jerome Robbins, *Card Game* by South Africa's John Cranko, *Aimez-vous Bach* by Canada's Brian MacDonald, and *Agon* by Denmark's First Eske Holm, a Flindt protégé. Brash, bristling with energy, Flindt has reorganized the training methods of the company and its dance school, initiated open auditions and, for the first time, hired non-Danish dancers. ("Five million Danes are not enough to draw from," he says.)

Not the least of the company's attractions is the passionately extroverted dancing of Flindt himself, who spells his strong roster of male soloists at least once a week. Trained at the Royal Ballet, Flindt twice left the company to roam the world, dancing with a wide variety of troupes, most recently the Paris Opéra Ballet. Having brought all that he learned back home, Flindt now fills his hall for every new program. The venerable ballet of Denmark is clearly in the hands of a Royal flash.

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Tibias, zeros, Clark Kent.

PAINTING

Games of Art

Modern society has become so complex and automated that generals, businessmen, and even matchmakers use computers to plot the effects of variable factors on projected campaigns. Now to join such "war games," "management games" and "love games," Sweden's intense and cerebral Oyvind Fahlstrom, 38, has come along to invent something that could be called the "art game."

The problem, as Fahlstrom sees it, is that the world has so many facets and variables that no given picture really adds up to an image of reality. His answer is a series of cutouts that can be moved at will since they are all attached to a field background by magnets. *Sitting . . . Blocks*, on display in Manhattan's Sidney Janis Gallery last week, is composed of large blocks, painted with splashily ambiguous hieroglyphs, that can be piled one atop the other or lined up to please the whim of the collector. *Sylvie*, on the other hand, is a giant panel mounted with dozens of magnetized vinyl and metal cutouts, including a head of Sylvie Vartan (the French pop singer), a headless female nude (with movable arms and legs), a Negro head, Clark Kent's shirt being ripped open (by Clark Kent's hands), four tibias, twelve zeros, a vortex, a circular saw-blade, a fire, a splash of water, an esophagus, a stomach, an American eagle's head with a Russian babushka wrapped around it, and an unmade bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Konigsberg of New York City, who own *Sylvie*, are supposed to take Fahlstrom's original arrangement of these items on the panel and rearrange them to suit their personality or mood. Explains Fahlstrom: "I want them to participate in it, to interpret it. In the present situation, people want to discover themselves. They live less and less by a set of dogmas, political or religious. They probe the experience and standards to which they are exposed and take only what is useful to them."

Fahlstrom sees a similarity between his techniques and the blank scores of

Composer John Cage, who likes to give his performers a chance to improvise, and to the plays of Dramatist Peter Weiss, who allows theatrical directors to stage his drama in widely varying versions and lengths. Still, it would take more talent than the average collector possesses to "participate" in one of Fahlstrom's masterpieces, *Dr. Schweitzer's Last Mission*. It consists of eight painted metal boxes, ten cutout boards and 50 magnetic cutouts, many of them hung by nylon threads from the walls and ceiling. It took Fahlstrom three years to dream it up. And for the present show, where it occupies most of a room, the artist needed two helpers and three days to install it.

Appalled & Amazed

What is it about the somber landscapes and meticulously rendered portraits of Andrew Wyeth that makes them so phenomenally popular? The poetic magic of their realism, which not only equals but surpasses the photographic image, some feel. "It is Wyeth's feeling of loneliness that makes people respond—that feeling that exists in every human being at some time in

his life," suggested one curator as Wyeth's 223-picture retrospective exhibition arrived at Manhattan's Whitney Museum last week.

Whatever the reason, loneliness is not exactly the sensation that the viewer is likely to experience at the thronged Wyeth show. In Philadelphia, where it opened last October, it drew 173,148 visitors in eight weeks, shattering the Academy's previous record. In Baltimore, where the show closed last month after a seven-week run, 85,430 visitors came to see it; thousands of others turned away only when they saw the lines outside. With seven weeks to go at the Whitney, and six at Chicago's Art Institute, Wyeth seems a cinch to beat the U.S. attendance record for a living artist, now held by Pablo Picasso, whose 75th-birthday showing at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art drew 328,206 visitors in 1957.*

Before the Whitney opening last week, Wyeth trekked up from his native Chadds Ford, Pa. (pop. 140), dressed in a pinstripe suit, and fielded the big-city critics' questions. What did he feel about op and pop? "Very exciting. It's today." Was his own art pertinent to the times? "I don't know. It's pertinent to me." Why did he paint nature scenes all the time? "I was born in the country," he explained patiently. "I have always lived in the country."

"Actually," he continued later, "I don't paint cows because they are cows. You have to go under that surface quality. I'm not sure people would go for me if I were a pure realist." And his present popularity? "I'm just appalled and amazed at the way in which people are interested in my paintings. I think it's because I happen to paint things that reflect the basic truths of life: sky, earth, friends, the intimate things. People are drawn to my work by common feelings that go beyond art."

The First Family

Charles Wilson Peale, for all his fame as a portrait painter, was a practical soul. He started his adult life in the 1760s as a saddle maker and clock mender, switched to portraiture only after he discovered that he could earn as much as £10 per painting, which was much "better than with my other trades." When he went to London to perfect his technique with Benjamin West, he was irritated by the highflossy esthetic palaver that he heard. "It is generally an adopted opinion," he noted disdainfully, "that genius for the fine arts is a particular gift and not an acquirement."

Determined to disprove such nonsense, he returned to Philadelphia and taught his brothers, sons, daughters and,



WYETHS AT WHITNEY OPENING
Sky, earth, truth.

* Alltime record holder: Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, whose smile drew 1,077,521 visitors to Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum during 26 days in 1963.

DYNASTY OF PAINTERS: PEALES BY PEALES

Prolific in both art and life, Charles Willson Peale founded a dynasty of painters. At the age of 37, he portrayed himself as a Revolutionary Army captain (right), but his favorite subject was his family. In 1772 he sorrowfully captured his wife Rachel weeping beside their dead infant daughter, Margaret (below).





C. W. Peale's brother and studio associate, James, limned his own daughter, Jane Ramsay Peale, as an airy lass of the Romantic era.

THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS



James Peale was in turn painted by Brother Charles Peale, with the miniaturist at work, perhaps—who can tell?—portraying Peales.



Rembrandt Peale, despite his bad vision, was most famous of C. W.'s sons. As a tour de force, he did his self-portrait by candlelight.

eventually, his grandchildren to paint. They in turn taught their children, thus founding the U.S.'s first dynasty of painters. The fruits of their endeavors have now been assembled by the Detroit Institute of Arts, where last week more than 200 works by Charles Wilson Peale and 19 of his kith and kin were on display (see color pages).

Hypnotic & Glossy. Just as Charles W. ruled over the family, so the show is dominated by the near-Olympian progenitor who completed more than 1,000 pictures and sired 17 offspring by three successive wives (the died at 85, busy courting a fourth). A man of plain-spun charm, he had fought and wintered at Valley Forge, painted George and Martha Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Lafayette and many of the other great men of the day in a style renowned for its affable simplicity. Like his lifelong friend Thomas Jefferson, he was an enthusiastic naturalist and inventor, experimented with everything from doorbells to apple-peeling machines. In 1786, he opened the nation's first natural-history museum, run by the Peale family and displaying the reassembled bones of a mastodon they had unearthed near Newburgh, N.Y., together with 100,000 other stuffed animals and objects.

At first Peale relied principally on his youngest brother, James, to aid him in his flourishing portrait studio: C. W. did the full-length oils; James specialized in precise but ethereal miniatures. Then James' younger daughter, Miriam, came along to become the U.S.'s first professional woman painter. Six of Charles Willson's children died in infancy, but among the survivors, ambitiously christened for the Renaissance greats, were Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian and Raphaelle. Both Rembrandt and Raphaelle went into the family business. Rembrandt traveled extensively in Europe, acquiring a gloss, Continental technique, became highly successful and portrayed the likes of Dolley Madison and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Raphaelle, a seeming failure, had drunk himself to death by 1825, at the age of 51. Only in this century have his hypnotic *trompe-l'oeil* still lifes belatedly captured the public eye.

Cheerful & Talented. Though their styles differed, the Peales shared a common delight in painting one another. Husbands painted wives, daughters did fathers, nephews did uncles, everyone did in-laws. Charles Wilson Peale painted one picture of James studying a miniature done by James's daughter Anna of Rembrandt's daughter Rosalba (herself a landscapist). He did another of James at work, probably on the portrait of his first wife Rachel, in miniature. "There was a happy cheerfulness in their countenances," observed old John Adams, viewing an early portrait by C. W. Peale of his family. It was a cheerfulness and talent that enlivened the family gallery down to the third and fourth generation.

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ECUMENISM

Ministry of Togetherness

At the national level, the spirit of ecumenism has produced plenty of talk about interfaith union, but much of the real action is now taking place at the grass roots. In a number of U.S. communities, togetherness has become a reality, as churches of different denominations have cooperated to create new ecumenical parishes. Though it can take any of several forms, the ecumenical parish has behind it a basic conviction that the churches must cast aside their denominational autonomy and pool resources to meet the changing needs of community and religious life.

Most of the nation's ecumenical parishes have been organized in order to serve poverty-plagued urban slum neighborhoods, where shrinking financial resources often make it difficult to maintain separate churches. A case in point is the nation's first joint Protestant-Roman Catholic church, St. Mark's in Kansas City, Mo. (TIME, July 22), which serves a largely Negro district of 15,000. Staffed by a Catholic priest and three Protestant ministers (Episcopal, United Presbyterian and United Church of Christ), St. Mark's will break ground in May for its new building; the parish will maintain separate worship services, but the clergy will share in other pastoral functions.

Concerted Attack. The cooperative-ministry approach is also suited to situations in which the church needs to build up facilities from scratch. At Columbia, Md., for example, where nine "planned villages" are under construc-

tion, a dozen Protestant denominations have pledged more than \$2,000,000 to construct campuslike, multichapelled spiritual centers in each. While the churches will conduct separate services, they plan to share ownership of the centers, maintain common administrative and teaching staffs, libraries and other community facilities.

Ecumenical parishes need not necessarily abandon their denominational identity. One of the nation's largest ecclesiastical combines is the Bushwick parish in Brooklyn, where 37 Roman Catholic and Protestant churches have joined "to unite the resources of the Christian community in a concerted attack" on the socioeconomic problems of the poverty-ridden district. Recently they hired a full-time coordinator, Presbyterian Minister John Peterson, to advise member-ministers on programs they might develop. The parish so far has fielded volunteer-manned patrol cars to assist police in curbing crime, organized a child-care program for working mothers, set up interracial, infertile coffeehouses for youths.

Marriage of Convenience. Most of the ecumenical parishes are united in service and separate in worship. But cooperation can lead to common prayer. One example is the ecumenical parish created by the uniting of Los Angeles' First Presbyterian Church and the University Methodist Church. This marriage of convenience was born out of desperation in 1965 when the Presbyterians borrowed the Methodist church for worship after their own ancient structure was condemned as unsafe. At first, the two congregations took turns using the Methodist church for worship. Last summer they began holding joint services, and now the ministers of the two congregations share the responsibilities of presiding at Sunday

* Presbyterian Rev. John Peterson (right) at his installation as Bushwick coordinator and Roman Catholic Msgr. John E. Steinmuller at St. Barbara's Catholic Church.

RELIGION

worship. On a recent Sunday, for example, Presbyterian Logan Barnes preached the sermon while Methodist Minister Travis Kendall led the prayers.

Kendall believes that this kind of "yoked congregation" is increasingly necessary for "sheer survival," makes possible "so many things that we couldn't offer separately. What we are doing now is the forerunner of what will happen all over the country."

WORSHIP

What Age for Christian Soldiers?

Of all of the Christian rituals, few are subject to more varied interpretation than confirmation. For Roman Catholics and Orthodox Christians, it is one of the seven sacraments instituted by Christ; for Protestants it is a church-created rite signifying the recipient's mature acceptance of faith. Despite the differences, both Catholics and Protestants are currently giving new thought to the meaning of confirmation—and to the age at which it should take place.

Last week the Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, the vigorous new Catholic bishop of Rochester, N.Y. (TIME, Feb. 10), startled his flock by announcing that the confirmation age in his diocese would be raised to that of normal high school graduation; in Rochester, as in most other U.S. Catholic dioceses, children have traditionally been confirmed between the ages of nine and twelve. Explaining the change, Sheen declared: "At present, bishops are asked to confirm tots and send them out as soldiers of Christ. Confirmation should not be administered generally before the candidate is ready to exercise his lay priesthood in the world." At the same time, Sheen wants to inaugurate a new and so far unnamed ceremony for young Catholics at the age of 13, in the form of "a renewal of baptismal vows." The purpose of this rite would be to emphasize the importance of puberty. Though other religions have such rites, said Sheen, "the Catholic Church has no ceremony like the bar mitzvah of the Jews."

Oil & Balm. Sheen's proposal points up a growing debate within the Catholic Church itself over the significance of confirmation. The traditional view is that the rite, intimately related to the sacrament of baptism, marks a child's spiritual entry into the body of the church, and therefore should take place at an early age. Some bishops and theologians agree with Sheen that it makes more pastoral sense to administer the sacrament only when the confirmant is old enough to understand his commitment. The words and acts of the ritual tend to support this view: when the bishop anoints the forehead with chrism, a mixture of olive oil and balm, he also administers a ceremonial slap on the cheek to remind him that he must be ready to suffer for his faith.

Reformation leaders rejected the traditional opinion that confirmation was a

Christ-founded sacrament of the same importance as baptism or Holy Communion; but many churches have preserved the ritual as a way of sanctifying religious instruction and symbolizing full entry into the church. In the Anglican Communion, where the customary age for receiving confirmation is twelve, the bishop first questions the youth on his knowledge of the faith, then lays on hands as a sign of the blessing of the Holy Spirit. Among Lutherans, the usual age is 13 or 14, and as with Episcopalians, confirmation is a requirement for admission to Communion.

Signifying Maturity. In other Protestant churches the rite has somewhat less significance. In the United Church of Christ liturgy, confirmation indicates that a person is "accepted into full church membership." Methodists have a simple "order for confirmation and reception into the church," carried out by the minister by the laying on of hands.

Like the Catholics, some Protestant churches are rethinking the proper age for confirmation. A nationwide commission of 18 Lutheran scholars has been studying the question for more than four years, and a spokesman for the Lutheran Church in America says "there has been some agitation for lowering the age for Communion and raising the age for confirmation." The United Church, which confirms youngsters at twelve or 13, is expected to recommend to its congregations next year that the rite be administered at 14 or 15. At issue, in brief, is whether it makes sense that a ceremony signifying Christian maturity should take place before the believer fully understands his faith and his commitments.

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MEDICINE

CANCER

Inflammatory Cure

Cancer of a single small area of the skin is usually not a serious disease—X rays and surgery have achieved a cure rate of at least 98%. Yet all skin cancer cannot be lightly dismissed. Each year it claims 80,000 new victims and causes 4,000 deaths in the U.S., largely because some forms are highly malignant and remain virtually incurable. To make matters worse, the easily curable forms sometimes recur in numbers, and if they are not removed, they, too, become lethal. For patients who have many superficial skin cancers, in which surgery or radiation is impossible or would be too disfiguring, a New York researcher described a new chemical treatment last week that is as simple as it is effective.

Familiar But Unfamiliar. The two types of cancer involved are called basal-cell and squamous-cell carcinomas, from the types of skin cells among which they are found. For patients who had widespread forms of either of these cancers, Dermatologist Edmund Klein of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo tried using familiar anticancer chemicals—but he used them in an unfamiliar manner.

These drugs, of which the best-known are 5-fluorouracil and methotrexate, are given by mouth or injection to get them into the bloodstream for the treatment of deep-seated tumors. But while they kill cancer cells, they also damage many normal cells; the patient may suffer such severe side effects that their use is generally restricted to far-advanced, near-hopeless cases.

Dr. Klein figured that with localized application he could keep the drugs

out of the bloodstream and use them on skin cancers without any of the dangerous side effects. Cautiously, he injected minute doses between layers of the skin, or applied the drugs in ointments and creams. From the beginning, he got an encouraging and prompt response. Furthermore, a number of the drugs he was testing seemed to sensitize the patients' skin, particularly in the cancerous areas. Subsequent applications then caused a bright red, allergic-type reaction. As the dosage was repeated, the reaction got stronger, and selectively destroyed cancer cells, leaving normal cells unharmed. The cancerous growths soon disappeared. Healthy skin grew over the areas with a minimum of scarring.

Clue to Prevention. The inflammatory reaction after a sensitizing dose is so strong, Dr. Klein told the Medical Society of the State of New York, that it even shows up cancers too minute to be detected by other means. Thus it makes prevention possible by revealing places where precancerous cell changes have just begun. The basis for this effect is not yet understood, but it is being investigated at other cancer centers where the treatment is being tested.

Dr. Klein offered two warnings. Doctors must not use the cancer-killing ointments until they are sure just what form of the disease they are dealing with. The ointments do no good against melanoma, for example, and their misuse could lead to fatal neglect of this rarely malignant cancer. Nor should they be used on the patient with a single, isolated basal or squamous cell carcinoma, because these cases are treated more effectively, and more simply, by X rays or surgery.

DRUGS

The Dangers of Analgesics

The benefits of such over-the-counter pain relievers as aspirin and APCs have long been recognized. But evidence that these familiar remedies are not necessarily harmless in all circumstances has accumulated only recently. For reasons not yet understood, people who take excessive doses over a number of years may incur anemia or kidney damage.

Warning Required. First of the currently popular analgesics to be questioned was phenacetin, the "P" in APC tablets (aspirin, phenacetin, caffeine). Medical centers in Europe reported that patients who had regularly taken large quantities of painkillers containing phenacetin had suffered kidney damage, and there had been a number of deaths. In 1964, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration required a notice on the labels of remedies containing phenacetin: "Warning—this medication may damage the kidneys when used in large amounts or for a long period of time."



PHARMACOLOGIST PRESCOTT
Too much of a good thing.

Then Dr. Laurence F. Prescott, who was doing clinical investigation at Johns Hopkins University, tested four ingredients in widely used analgesics, alone and in combination. He reported in *The Lancet* that healthy volunteers who took ten aspirin tablets a day began to excrete damaged kidney cells, reflecting at least temporary kidney injury. Surprisingly, this effect was less marked with APCs. It was also less conspicuous when he tested phenacetin alone, and still less so with medicinal caffeine.

Dr. Prescott's conclusion: phenacetin alone is not the primary villain in analgesic kidney damage. Back in his native Britain, he found that some of the supposedly phlegmatic Scots of the Grampian Hills were taking analgesic powders and tablets in overdoses that ran as high as ten tablets a day for 14 years. In a two-year period, 36 patients appeared at Aberdeen Royal Infirmary with kidney disease and "a history of long-continued and excessive intake of analgesics." Besides their kidney damage, 30 of the patients were suffering from anemia, six had peptic ulcers and twelve had suffered gastrointestinal bleeding.

Internal Bleeding. Ulcer patients have long been known to be susceptible to internal bleeding after taking aspirin, but this was assumed to result from what was, in effect, an overdose only for their sensitive stomachs. Not necessarily, two researchers now report in the *British Medical Journal*. Dr. Desmond Croft and Dr. Philip H. N. Wood gave ordinary doses—the equivalent of twelve aspirins a day for one to four weeks—to 226 people who had no ulcers or any other "stomach trouble." All but nine suffered at least minor bleeding from their stomach walls into the intestines, and in 150 it was substantial. In The Netherlands, three doctors have just reported five cases of



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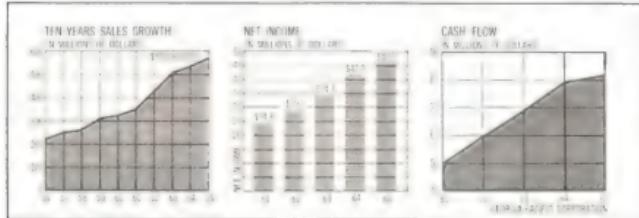
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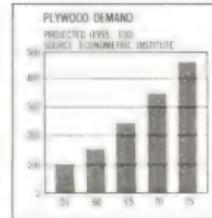


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generalized anemia (deficiency of red and white cells and of platelets) that they attribute to aspirin consumed to excess.

None of this means that analgesics in normal doses are dangerous; they are probably safer than most other non-prescription drugs. But there may be a limit. The expert consensus so far: when doctors prescribe ten or twelve five-grain aspirins a day for persistent painful disorders such as arthritis, they should watch their patients closely for signs of anemia or kidney damage. And headache victims who become aspirin or APC addicts should invest in a visit to the doctor. It may be cheaper in the long run.

SURGERY

And Now for Golf

When Betty Vanella was born in 1930, nature seemed to have gone out of its way to do everything wrong in building her heart. The two "great vessels" were hooked up in reverse: the aorta, which is supposed to send oxygenated blood from the left lower chamber out to the body, emerged instead from the right lower chamber; the pulmonary artery, which is supposed to send used venous blood from the right lower chamber to the lungs for oxygenation, was connected where the aorta should have been. To make matters worse, the outflow of blood from the heart through the pulmonary artery was severely restricted by stenosis (narrowing).

Ironically, two more of nature's mistakes kept Betty going. There were two small holes in the septum (wall) between the two upper chambers of her heart, allowing partly oxygenated blood to pass through. And the ductus arteriosus, which supplies a normal and necessary connection between aorta and pulmonary artery during a baby's life in the womb, did not close as it should have after Betty's birth. This also helped to make partly oxygenated blood available to her faltering circulation.

Somehow Betty survived—always short of breath and often blue in the



MRS. VANELLA & FAMILY
A baffle to solve the problem.

face from oxygen starvation. She finished high school, married, got a real-estate and insurance broker's license and ran her business from a spic-and-span home. After several miscarriages, she raised an adopted daughter. But all the time she was growing steadily weaker. By mid-1965 she had wasted away to 69 lbs. She did not have strength enough to leave her room.

"Like Being Reborn." Last month Betty Vanella celebrated her 37th birthday at home in San Jose, Calif. She was a robust 104 lbs. and announced that she was going to take up golf and swimming. Her lips and fingernails were a healthy pink, thanks to a full supply of oxygenated blood. "It's like being reborn," she said.

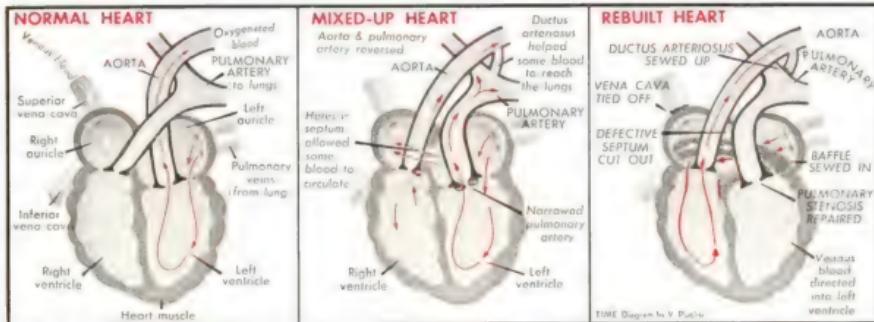
The rebirth had taken place on an operating table in San Francisco's Presbyterian Medical Center just a year before. Diagnostic tests which were made by threading plastic tubes through arm veins and into Betty's heart had revealed most of nature's errors. Even so, Surgeon Frank Gerbode was in for a surprise. When he opened her chest to make connections for routing her circi-

lation through a heart-lung machine, instead of finding two great veins returning used blood to the heart, he discovered an extra vena cava.

After that, says Dr. Gerbode, "it was just a matter of not making any mistakes." It was also a 9-hour marathon for him and his three assistant surgeons. With the heart exposed (see diagram), Dr. Gerbode stripped away part of its outer sac (pericardium) for later use. Next he sewed up the ductus arteriosus where it joined the pulmonary artery. Then, with his patient connected to the heart-lung pump, he set its heat-exchanger to chill Mrs. Vanella's blood to 68° F., to reduce the brain's oxygen demands.

Right to Left. Dr. Gerbode widened the pulmonary outflow channel. With the upper heart open, he and his team cut out the wall between the auricles; not only was it defective, but for their surgical plan it was also in the wrong place. They took a three-inch circle of pericardium and sewed that into the upper heart as a kind of baffle so that oxygenated blood from the lungs would flow into the right auricle, drop into the right ventricle and be pumped out through the aorta. This same baffle directed used blood from the venae cavae (Dr. Gerbode closed off the third) into the left auricle, from which it dropped into the left ventricle for pumping to the lungs.

With the surgery finished, Betty had a redesigned heart. The left side was doing the work normally done by the right, and the right was working for the left. Within a month she was at home, rapidly gaining weight and strength. Babies born with their great vessels transposed like Betty's used to be doomed to death in early childhood. Attempts at correction became possible with the advent of the heart pump, but not until 1963 did Toronto's Dr. William T. Mustard devise the baffle technique employed by Dr. Gerbode, and all previous patients have been young children. So Betty Vanella's survival before surgery and the age at which her heart was repaired so successfully have probably both set medical records.



DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Forget Something, Brooke?

It's first scrub for this third year medical student. Like many another tense neophyte, wondering how his nerves will act in the operating room, he's forgotten a vital aseptic detail. He should have tied on his mask *before* he scrubbed.

Now, perhaps a sharp or ironic word from his chief tells him he will have to start over. Just as surely it reminds him that seven costly rigorous years of study and training have still brought him only half way toward the exacting specialty he has chosen. For it will be another seven years be-

fore he can hope to shoulder a surgeon's full responsibility.

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MODERN LIVING



NEW ADDITION FOR BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
Preserving the prize in pink.

THE CITY Adding to the Heritage

A city's electorate rarely thinks of its mayor as a grand patron of architecture. But by the massive weight of budget appropriations for new construction, he is. And never is the mayor's lot more difficult, and challenging, than when he has to add to, and alter, one of the city's prized possessions. Last week two mayors faced such a task. Each took a different route to a solution, and both felt that they had not only preserved but even added to the city's heritage.

Boston for Books. In Boston, the problem was the city's 72-year-old Public Library, a stately Italian Renaissance-style palazzo designed by Charles McKim, senior partner of McKim, Mead & White, which presides augustly over Copley Square. So highly is the design regarded in the architectural profession that the American Institute of Architects voted it one of the best 50 buildings of the past 100 years. But the Public Library is today woefully overcrowded. To design a \$22 million addition with room for 1,000 more readers and 3,000,000 more volumes, Mayor John Collins and the library's trustees picked Manhattan's Harvard-trained Philip Johnson, 60, from among half a dozen architects because he agreed not to take the old building out of its "original perspective."

"The problem," says Johnson, "was to match the old building with something that neither dominated it nor was just a tail to it; something that wasn't a copy and yet followed the function." He took three years to brood before the public got its first look at his model. It turned out to be neither modern nor Renaissance but massively medieval, a bastion too blocky that seemed to echo H. H. Richardson's Trinity Church across Copley Square. But Johnson had bound his new addition with the old through a variety of formal devices: a common cornice line, an identically pitched roof, equally deepest windows. Johnson even plans to reopen a quarry

in Milford, Mass., to obtain the same pink granite used in the existing library, which will be sandblasted back to its original hue.

Sloping Earth Mound. In Manhattan, the problem was where to relocate the police stables, riding school and the indoor polo field once used by the elite sociables of National Guard Squadron A, since their former quarters in the 94th Street Armory were torn down to make way for a new junior high school. The obvious answer was Central Park, but New Yorkers have come to regard the park as sacrosanct, have fiercely resisted any infringement, including even the philanthropic offer of Huntington Hartford to build a terrace cafe in one corner. The solution, as proposed by the competition-winning architectural firm of Kelly & Gruzen: bury the facilities underground. Key elements in the \$5,700,000 scheme, which will leave 95% of the ten-acre site still land-

scaped: below-ground-level stables for 370 horses topped by a three-acre orchard of flowering crab apple trees, and a sloping earth mound 400 ft. wide and 30 ft. high with an indoor riding ring beneath and an outdoor ring on top.

Tanks of Any Minute. Both Boston's Mayor Collins and New York's John Lindsay pronounced themselves well-satisfied clients. Lindsay called the Central Park design "inconspicuous and understated," a true triumph for the architecture of repression. But both mayors still have to cope with public reaction.

"It looks like a fortress," said the woman who runs the information desk at the Boston library. "I expect tanks to come out of it at any minute." As for the Central Park stables, Richard Harrison, chairman of the *ad hoc* Save Central Park Committee, called the plan "a disaster." Said he: "Indoor sports facilities don't belong in a park intended for outdoor activities." And at least one disgruntled member of the jury argued that the award was given for "negative" reasons—that is, that the prize went to the design that came closest to being invisible.

FADS

The Psychedelicatessen

It was a foregone conclusion that as soon as LSD became the daring, far-out thing to take, entrepreneurs would begin to peddle psychedelic accessories—the stuff to take on the trip. The paraphernalia ranges from such objects of contemplation as a polished cow's tooth (\$2.50) to poster-size enlargements of current underground heroes such as Lenin, Dostoevsky and Oscar Wilde. But not even Thomas DeQuincey in his wild-



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DELTA

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est opium-pipe dream could have imagined the success that such accessory shops are beginning to enjoy.

Psychedelic central for the U.S. right now is a half-mile stretch along San Francisco's Haight Street, which has 27 shops catering to the needs of hippies and trippies. One of the earliest, simply called the Psychedelic Shop, opened in the psychedelic Paleozoic era: in January 1965; the latest, barely six months old, calls itself The Phoenix. Their hottest items: incense, cigarette papers and bells. The bells are to hear, naturally, and the incense to sniff. And the cigarette papers? "Well," admits bearded Owner Robert Stubbs, 26, "we have sold an awful lot of papers, and no one has asked for tobacco yet." To further aid his pot-pulling patrons, Stubbs carries

Psychedelic Love Oil, a-scented baby oil made by a local perfumer and priced to sell at \$1.95 per bottle.

Incense has become a smell *célébre* in the L.A. area: Loyola University now fines students who burn it in dormitories; and at a West Los Angeles high school, a girl who lit some in the ladies' room was sent to the fire chief to be lectured. Yet the pungent odor is likely to linger on: legend has it that it masks the tumes of marijuana.

The odor of joss sticks also hangs heavy in the air of Hollywood's newest psychedelic store. The Infinite Mind, which is barely a month old. Proprietor Eldon Taylor, 25, insists that The Infinite Mind is "really just a toy shop for teen-agers," but he provides the ideal station from which to start a trip. Light

In Manhattan, the light goes on at the Head Shop, a hole-in-the-wall Lower East Side shop opened last year by Jeff Glick, 25, and Ben Schwabinsky, 27, who wanted "to do something legal and be in touch with the beautiful people." Their initial \$500 investment turned into a \$3,000 a week bonanza, so last October they opened a Greenwich Village branch. Both shops keep psychedelic hours (2 p.m. to 10 p.m.), sell up to 5,000 packs of cigarette paper a month, count as regular customers Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, and by now, say the owners, "we've reached the Madison Avenue crowd." Among their best-selling items: Japanese colored balls, kaleidoscopes, avocado hand cream, Mini Marvels (stamp-size comic books) and diffraction disks—small metallic decorations to be worn on the middle of the forehead.

Vicarious & Tantalizing. The key to the cross-country psychedelic-accessory explosion probably lies not in how many items can be used by the trip taker but in how few. The dedicated drug user may have some use for the paraphernalia. But many shoppers who intend trying nothing stronger than a Bloody Mary find that the clashing, primary-colored psychedelic fabrics, the bold, wobbly colors of posters advertising Light Shows and the glittering kaleidoscopes and prism glasses offer them a vicarious if tantalizing hint of what the authentic acidhead sees when he is away on a trip.

Others: like Jackie Kennedy, who bought a set of psychedelic-colored plastic boxes, do so just because the shape and shade of the things appeal to them. And still others—maybe the majority—buy conversation pieces that they can add to their collection of comic books and Humphrey Bogart posters, reducing the whole march toward mind expansion to a close-order drill on the old camp-ground.

MANNERS

How to Behave Underground, or Subways Are Not for Sleeping

For 4,600,000 passengers a day, the New York City subway system offers the world's longest ride. Last week, to make that ride pleasanter, the Transit Authority issued a list of 39 new, delicately detailed rules, regulating the behavior of passengers both on trains and in stations, and for good measure, on buses as well.

To judge from some of the rules, the city's subway riders are not only surly but strange. Among the prohibited activities: riding on the roof, waving a flag, making a speech, bringing aboard dirty clothing or bedding (subways are not for sleeping). Also forbidden: holding a meeting, singing, dancing or playing a musical instrument, and changing into a bathing suit in a station rest room. The rules may be ticklers but they are no joke: violators face \$25 fines and ten days in jail.



STATION FOR THE TRIP IN SAN FRANCISCO
How sharper than a cow's tooth?



HEADQUARTERS IN LOS ANGELES

a line of water pipes from India: to nourish their spirits, he has English kites. "Kites fit in with the psychedelic state of mind," claims Stubbs. "It's a state of mind, flying free of the bonds that tie you down."

Love Oil & Roach Clips. In Los Angeles, the leading psychadelicatiens is The Headquarters, not far from the gates of the U.C.L.A. campus. It was opened last November by two ex-television writers, Jerry Hopkins, 31, and Corb Donohue, 26, who invested \$1,000 to make it a shop that any junkie could call home. In the first three months, HQ passed the acidhead test, grossed \$11,000; Hopkins and Donohue expect to gross \$50,000 in 1967. It is hard to see how they could lose money. Their rent is \$225 a month, and more than half of their goods are on consignment. Among the Headquarters merchandise: prism spectacles that even without drugs make the world seem askew, roach clips (ornamental holders for "roaches," the butts of marijuana cigarettes) and

boxes around the walls blink and fade and oscillate, floodlights of red, blue, yellow and green flicker on a paisley-patterned tapestry while the sounds of the Beatles or Ravi Shankar hum from strategically located loudspeakers.

Kaleidoscopes & Mini Marvels. In Cleveland, there is another Headquarters shop, this one located in the town's beat and offbeat section on Euclid Avenue, just east of the Western Reserve campus. Owner Stan Heilburn considers his store "a propaganda agency for LSD users, to counter the effects of a bad press." The propaganda works—at least in Ohio: 200 to 300 people press in on weekday nights; weekends, up to a thousand customers clamor for medium-priced trivialities including Yugoslavian pipes (\$3.00), and off-beat books and records. "We sell a lot of things that are generally available," concedes Heilburn. But the psychedelic label adds a commercial gloss. "It puts things in a new light. This is what makes these places go."

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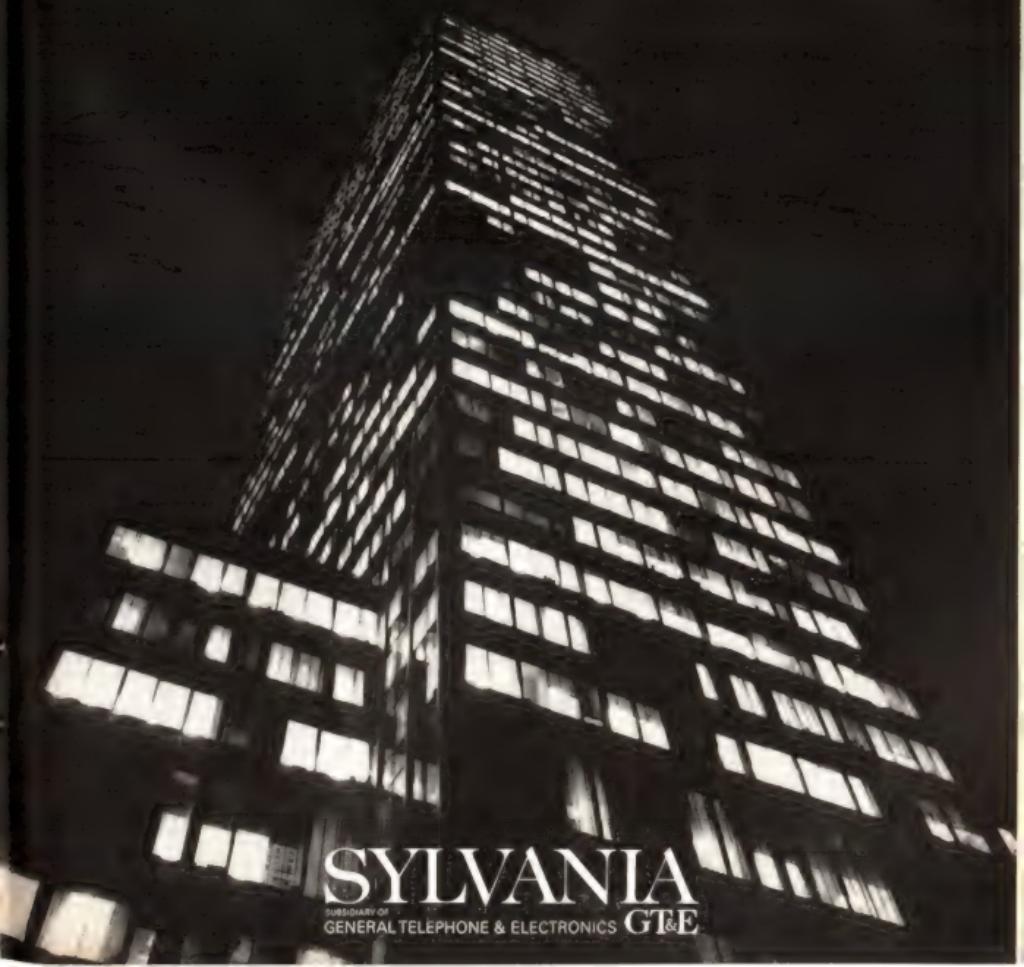
It can add up to big savings. Figure it out. Sylvania operates at 40 watts or less. The minimum wattage of most other lamps is 41.2 watts. That's 1.2 watts times an average power rate of 1.5 cents per kilowatt-hour. Used 12 hours per start,

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U.S. BUSINESS

BUILDING

Rockefeller Center West

In 35 years, nobody has built anything quite like Manhattan's Rockefeller Center, the world's largest privately owned business-and-entertainment center. With its labyrinth of underground shopping arcades, sunken plazas, theaters, television studios, 25 restaurants, 70 retail stores and 50,000 daytime inhabitants of 16 slab-sided office buildings, it remains the quintessence of skyscraper civilization. Last week a combine including two Rockefeller brothers—President David of New York City's Chase Manhattan Bank and Governor Winthrop of Arkansas—brought forth plans to build a similar, if smaller, office-hotel-and-cultural complex a continent away, close to the downtown San Francisco waterfront.

Above the Traffic. The \$150 million project is officially named the Embarcadero Center, but San Franciscans immediately dubbed it "Rockefeller Center West." Its heart will be three slender office towers 25, 45 and 60 stories tall. At one end of the five-block site will rise an 800-room convention hotel shaped on one side like a terraced pyramid, equipped on another with a 16-

story enclosed garden court. There will be three theaters (two of them for live drama), art galleries, shops, restaurants and even a wine museum. A fountain-dotted pedestrian mall two stories above traffic-clogged streets will link the buildings with one another and with the adjoining \$150 million Golden Gateway renewal project of elegant apartments, town houses and offices. The developers budgeted \$1,000,000 for art.

Starting this summer, construction will take six to eight years, require 9,000 man-years of labor, create enough office space (2,800,000 sq. ft.) for 15,000 employees. The 81-acre plot, long the ramshackle home of the city's wholesale produce market, will soon be cleared by urban renewal. The San Francisco Redevelopment Agency sold the land for a bargain \$11.5 million, but the city expects a \$3,000,000-a-year bonanza in realty taxes, plus increased convention and tourist trade. Says Redevelopment Director M. Justin Herman: "We held out to find one buyer who had the strength and sophistication to do the whole project. You can't get design value except with size."

The Rockefeller brothers, whose father built Rockefeller Center, will own only half of the Golden Gate version. The other half is split equally among three fast-rising developers whose offices, apartments, hotels, shopping centers and warehouses span the nation. Atlanta Architect John Portman, 42, designer and managing partner of the San Francisco project, and Trammell Crow, 52, a wealthy Dallas realty investor, have already transformed the downtown skyline of Atlanta with their \$50 million Peachtree Center of offices, a hotel and a trade mart. Dallas-based Cloyce K. Box, 43, sometime (1949-54) speedy end for the Detroit Lions professional football team, is chairman and chief executive of Manhattan's venerable George A. Fuller Co., builder of such landmarks as the new Metropolitan Opera, United Nations and Seagram buildings. Crow brought in the Rockefellers and negotiated for the San Franciscans; Box will build the complex—if the city approves Portman's plans.

Only No. 2. San Franciscans like to complain whenever a skyscraper threatens to block any portion of their cherished vista of San Francisco Bay. Predictably, rival realty interests last week began battling for a 25-story ceiling on Rockefeller Center West, but few seemed to take their outcry seriously. For one thing, though the 60-story office building would soar to a height of 714 ft., the 53-story Bank of America headquarters rising four blocks away will be 62 ft. taller. And as Portman indicated, vertical fluting would make the towers look thinner and so help view lovers to enjoy the scenery.



PARK AVENUE TRAFFIC JAM
Shrunk by smog and stickups.

HEADQUARTERS

Exodus from Fun City

While San Francisco (pop. 750,000) planted seeds of growth, New York City (pop. 7,500,000) showed symptoms of shrinkage. Though the city is beefing up its effort to attract new industries, it drives old ones away by reason of costs and congestion, smog and stickups, traffic and taxes that rise in a wry ratio with strikes and relief rolls. Over the last decade, companies have followed the flood of families to suburbia's fresher air and greener acres, draining the city of 17,000 industrial jobs a year. And so far this year, the exodus has continued at a startling rate.

Two weeks ago, PepsiCo Inc., the parent company of Pepsi-Cola, announced that it will move its headquarters from midtown Manhattan's Park Avenue to the 112-acre grounds of the Blind Brook Polo Club in suburban Westchester County, which it purchased. Nearby Greenwich, Conn., last week gave preliminary approval to American Can Co.'s plan for shifting its 1,300-employee international headquarters to a 141-acre tract by 1970. Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. bought 60 acres in Stamford, Conn., for its chemical division, along with 700 white-collar workers. Ursis Buildings Corp., builder of dozens of Manhattan's new glass-girt office towers, announced plans for a huge laboratory-office center in suburban Rockland (N.Y.) County in anticipation of further corporate moves from the city.

"Not a Happy Place." With Flintkote Co. and American Metal Climax Inc. already headed for Westchester County, and Corn Products and Union Camp Co. going to New Jersey, seven of the U.S.'s largest companies had opted out of Fun City, as Mayor John F.



SAN FRANCISCO'S EMBARCADERO CENTER (SKETCH)
Size for strength and sophistication.

say likes to call it, within a year. At week's end, pint-sized (250 employees) Bohn Business Machines announced that it would also quit Park Avenue for suburbia. President Arnold Perry blamed rising city taxes and sky-high commercial rents.

Board Chairman Leonard C. Yaseen of the Fantus Co., the world's largest location consultants, said that 14 more corporations with 11,500 employees are also studying whether to take their head offices out of Manhattan. As for their reasons, Yaseen called the labor market "unfavorable," labor leaders "unsympathetic," and "complaints regarding clerical workers universal." On top of that, said Yaseen, businessmen grumble about "commuting, the rising crime rate, swollen welfare rolls and the subway strike. New York is not a happy place to be."

Olin Mathieson and Pepsico blamed their departures primarily on an inability to find enough midtown space for their staffs. Vacant office space is so scarce in Manhattan today that other companies have grabbed eagerly at the forsaken quarters. Most of the demand comes from expanding businesses already on the scene, notably the headquarters of 26% of the nation's 500 largest corporations. In fact, Mayor Lindsay insisted that the city, with some 8,000,000 sq. ft. of office space due to be completed this year, is still amidst "a boom in corporate growth."

RAILROADS

"National Asset"

Among the many requests that the Interstate Commerce Commission gets from railroads anxious to discontinue unprofitable passenger service, the one it ruled on last week was aptly described as "unique." The train that came under the commission's scrutiny operates almost at capacity in peak seasons, remains as plausibly appointed as the day it came into operation 18 years ago, and has received virtually no complaints from passengers about deteriorating service. Moreover, noted the ICC, it passes through "some of the most spectacular scenery in the country" and thus is a "national asset." So saying, the commission ordered that service to be continued for at least one more year.

The train in question is the California Zephyr, and the petitioner was Western Pacific Railroad, one of three railroads (the others: the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Denver & Rio Grande Western) that operate the Zephyr's 2,500-mile-long trip between Chicago and San Francisco. In turning down Western Pacific's request to discontinue its portion of the run—from Salt Lake City to San Francisco and back—the ICC cited assets that have long enchanted Zephyr passengers.

The Vista-Domed Zephyr is so scheduled that it affords a better daylight glimpse of scenery than any other transcontinental U.S. train. The west-



CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR IN FEATHER RIVER CANYON
Conceding the burden, but voting for the scenery.

bound passenger leaves Chicago in mid-afternoon, sleeps his way across the Nebraska plains, spends the next day traveling through the fir forests and deep gorges of the Colorado Rockies, sleeps the second night as the train rolls through the Nevada desert, wakes up on the final morning in California's breathtaking Feather River Canyon. En route, the train serves good, moderately priced food in dining cars that sport vases of fresh carnations at every table. Not surprisingly, the California Zephyr has proved increasingly popular with foreign tourists and Americans alike. During all of last year, the Zephyr operated at 78% of capacity.

It bespeaks something significant about the U.S. railroad-passenger system that such a train could lose money—which it does. Western Pacific expects to drop \$560,000 on the Zephyr this year, largely because of rising labor and maintenance costs. Conceding that the train "imposes a substantial economic burden on Western Pacific," the ICC nonetheless expressed optimism that the financial picture may gradually improve. One possibility: giving Western Pacific an increased share of the revenues collected jointly by the Zephyr's three operating railroads.

INVENTORIES

Warning Signals

One of the U.S. economy's more reliable indicators of future trouble is the mercurial behavior of business inventories—unsold goods on industrial, wholesale and retail shelves. Before every postwar recession—in 1948, 1953, 1957 and 1960—inventory levels have soared like lears only to plunge as businessmen liquidated their stocks. Right now, some familiar warning signals are flying.

Last week the Commerce Department reported that inventories swelled at the precarious rate of \$16.4 billion a year during the final quarter of 1966, thus breaking a record set during the Korean War. The resulting \$135 billion

inventory stockpile already is forcing manufacturers to cut production to avoid a glut of unsold autos, appliances and television sets.

Layoffs & Shutdowns. Automakers, with sales 18% below their 1966 pace so far this year, are hardest hit. American Motors last week began a ten-day total shutdown, idling 12,000 employees in Grand Rapids, Milwaukee and Kenosha, Wis. General Motors has laid off 4,760 people at six assembly plants. Ford, with 30,000 employees already working a week shortened to as little as three days, last week trimmed production further and announced it will furlough 2,000. Chrysler scheduled a week's shutdown for two plants next week.

Since Christmas. Hotpoint has laid off 500 refrigerator-production workers in Chicago. General Electric shut down its television-manufacturing lines at Syracuse for this week, idling 4,400. At Westinghouse's Metuchen, N.J., color TV plant, 600 employees have been laid off since December; the company's Columbus, Ohio, appliance plant has cut back from three shifts to one. The Federal Reserve Board reported last week that the nationwide sag in retail sales persisted in January, while its index of overall industrial production fell by a full point to 157.9% of its 1957-59 average. Factory orders for durable goods dropped by a worrisome 5.1%, to the lowest level in 15 months, as the downturn spread to transportation equipment, primary metals and even machinery. "The economy," said Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler in the understatement of the week, "has moderated very substantially."

Only "Stagnation." The critical question is whether the inventory shrinkage, which is spotty so far, will widen into a sharp downturn before easier credit and federal deficit spending again pump up business—and prices. Many economists expect the inventory gain to slip to an annual rate of about \$9.5 billion during the first three months of this year. Even so, few predict anything

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GULF & WESTERN'S BLUDHORN



DESILU'S BALL

Soft-shoe routine with waders.

worse for the economy than what Leon Keyserling, former chairman of the White House Council of Economic Advisors, calls "a period of stagnation." With federal, state and local government spending on the rise, with housing starting to recover from its 1966 slump, with unemployment low and incomes continuing to grow, most analysts figure the economy will move ahead firmly in the second half of the year.

ACQUISITIONS

Into New Territory

On the West Coast, two widely different takeovers last week were the business talk of the territory:

► Gulf & Western Industries, the auto parts, chemicals and mining conglomerate, which went hip-deep into the entertainment field last October by buying troubled Paramount Pictures in a \$165 million stock swap deal, waded in farther. G&W agreed to take over Hollywood's Desilu Productions, the TV film maker controlled by Comedienne Lucille Ball, for \$17 million in stock. Desilu produces four TV series (*The Lucy Show, Mission: Impossible, Star Trek* and *You Don't Say*), rents production facilities to 13 others, including *I Spy* and *Gomer Pyle*. All of this earned Desilu \$734,000 on revenues of \$18.8 million in fiscal 1966. Charles G. Bludhorn, 40, the Vienna-born immigrant who whipped G&W into a \$317 million corporation (TIME cover, Dec. 3, 1965), sees "great potential" in the entertainment field, which now accounts for 30% of his company's sales. Last December Bludhorn hired former CBS-TV President John I. Reynolds, who will now work to expand Desilu's profits as well as Paramount's TV business. Weary of Desilu's \$75,000-a-year presidency, Lucille is said to be anxious to sell her 60% shareholding, worth more than \$10 million, and devote full time to being Desilu's star performer.

► Humble Oil & Refining, Jersey Standard's domestic subsidiary, will pay more than \$30 million for California Stand-

ard's 1,500 Signal Oil service stations in California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Humble is far and away the leading gasoline seller on the Eastern Seaboard, and the new stations will give it a long-sought boost on the West Coast by doubling its slim 2% share of the market. Humble had previously tried to break in in a big way by buying Tidewater's refining and marketing operation—only to be stopped dead by the Justice Department. This time round, the company is building its own \$135 million refinery near San Francisco, which will supply the new stations with Enco (for Energy Co.) gas—Humble's West Coast brand name. Cal Standard, for its part, will now concentrate on its own brands, Chevron and Standard.

COMPUTERS

Enter Max Palevsky

During its best year in history, the computer industry's shipments rose 71% to 13,700 units. Giant IBM's 1966 sales jumped 19% to \$4.2 billion, and some longtime losers, Sperry Rand's Univac division and Honeywell's computer-making operation, turned the profit corner in handsome fashion. But it remained for little Scientific Data Systems of Santa Monica, Calif., to print out some of the most exciting gain figures. Only five years old, S.D.S. reported 1966 sales of \$55.5 million and profits of \$4,300,000—both up 27% over 1965.

Set up in 1961 by six former employees of the Packard-Bell Electronics Corp., S.D.S. is one of three U.S. computer makers to have consistently turned a profit. Warily avoiding competition with the other two—IBM and Control Data—S.D.S. has concentrated on the small, once-neglected scientific market. There, says S.D.S. President Max Palevsky, 42, leader of the original six, "we saw a class of problems that should be solved by computers, but for which no computers were being built."

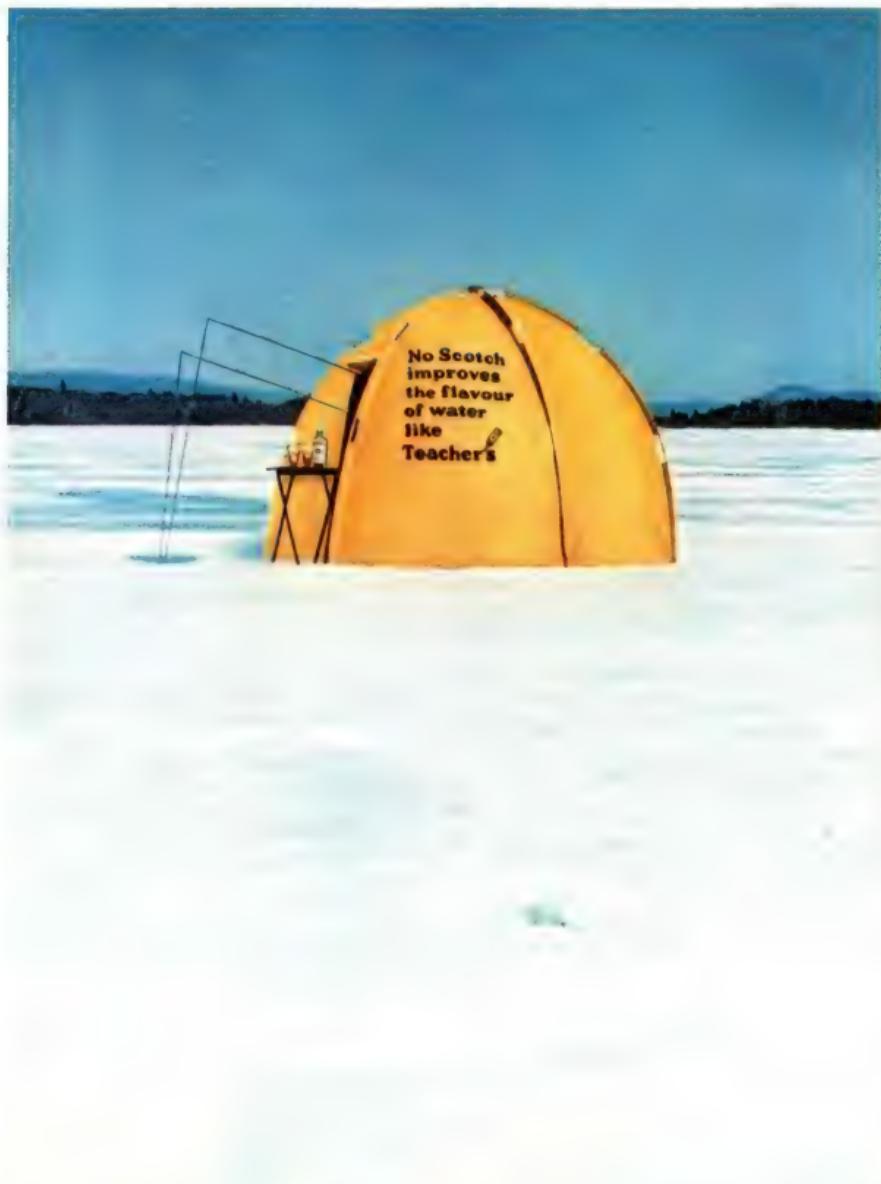
The company's small to medium-size and surprisingly inexpensive mod-

els (basic price range: \$30,000 to \$200,000) were immediately successful, pushed S.D.S. into the black by 1963. Building for highly sophisticated users, mainly in Government aerospace and defense projects, which account for 55% of the company's income, S.D.S. also scored some technological breakthroughs. Among other things, it was the first manufacturer to make temperature-immune silicon conductors exclusively, enabling computers to be used outside specially sealed, air-conditioned rooms.

A sometime \$100-a-month E.C.L.A. logic instructor who is equally adept in academe and computerese, Palevsky aims to keep S.D.S. at that nimble size where "we need optimize our strategy only in a small sector of the market." S.D.S. may already be growing out of that league. Last December the company delivered the first of its Sigma family of real-time, third-generation computers. The most complex, Sigma 7, costs up to \$1,000,000, can serve more than 200 users simultaneously on a time-sharing basis. Sigma thus represents a big step into highly competitive commercial data processing.

Will S.D.S. suffer the problems of Control Data, whose 1965-66 earnings stumbled when it ran short of cash amid a similar expansion? Palevsky is unconcerned, even though S.D.S. last year boosted its debt from less than \$2,000,000 to more than \$16 million, built a fifth new plant and increased employment to 2,900. Reflecting their own confident computations, Wall Street investors have pushed S.D.S. stock up 42 points to \$84.50 since October, doubling the value of Pioneer Palevsky's 15% shareholding to \$27 million—a pretty fair dividend on his original 1961 investment of \$20,000.

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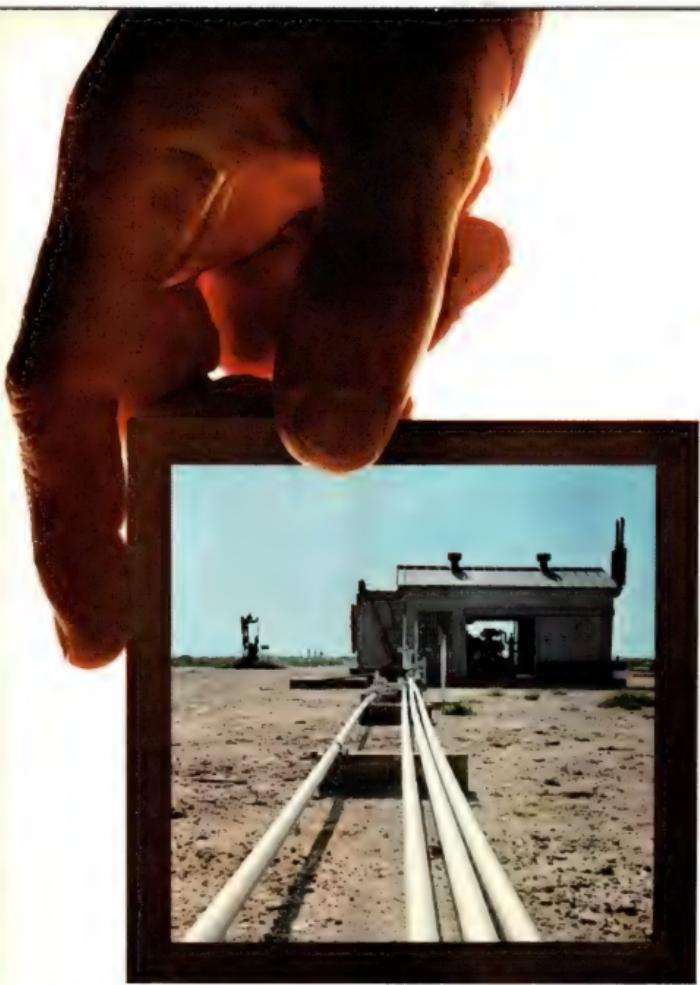
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WORLD BUSINESS

LIBYA

Pumping Up Profits

A dozen sheep were ceremonially slaughtered, the tanker *British Confidence* blasted a salute, and Libya's 76-year-old King Idris last week officially opened his country's newest oil port at Marsa Hariga, two miles from Tobruk. To mark the occasion, the desert monarch was handed a \$5,000 gold key by Texas' Nelson Bunker Hunt, 40, second son of H. L. Hunt and half owner of the oil company that made the Marsa Hariga facilities possible. The other 50% interest is held by British Petroleum Co., and the firm is named—logically, if not lyrically—BP Bunker Hunt.

Now pumping a modest 100,000 bbl. a day, BP Bunker Hunt ranks fifth among the majors operating in Libya. But it has enormous potential, because of its concessions in the huge Sarir field. To exploit its holding, BP Bunker Hunt has built a capacious crude-oil pipeline leading from its rigs in the Sarir to Marsa Hariga. Running 320 miles, the 34-in. multimillion-dollar line could ultimately carry almost 1,000,000 bbl. at a clip. It is buried six feet beneath the dunes in order to keep the oil liquid during the chill desert nights. The pipeline runs past a British airbase—and deliberately close to the Egyptian border. If necessary, British soldiers will thus be better able to guard against sabotage.

Desert Drilling. For all its possibilities, the BP Bunker Hunt enterprise is only an indication of the interest that major oil companies now have in Libya. A mere five years ago, Libya ranked virtually nowhere among the oil-producing nations of the world. Today it stands seventh, behind the U.S., U.S.S.R., Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Iran. Thirty-nine companies have drilling operations in the Libyan desert. The biggest producer is a consortium, Oasis Oil Co., of Libya, Inc., comprising Continental, Marathon and Amerada-Shell. On the scene are Esso, Mobil Gelsenberg (75% Mobil-owned) and Amocoas, a joint exploration venture of Texaco and Standard of California. Together, these giants pump more than 1.7 million bbl. a day.

Even though some Libyan crude is waxy and tends to solidify at European winter temperatures, Europe is the major market. Although production costs are higher than those in the Middle East, low transportation charges more than offset the difference.

Inevitably, the Libyan government has notions of gaining a greater share of the profits from its under-the-dunes fortune. Already approved by the Libyan legislature is a measure allowing the country to increase its oil revenues by decreeing what price the oil companies must charge. But the law has not yet been enforced, and it is unlikely that



HUNT PRESENTING GOLD KEY TO KING IDRIS

From nowhere to No. 7.

it will be in the foreseeable future. After all, oil income has more than tripled Libya's per-capita annual income in the past five years, and much of the money has been spent or earmarked for housing, hospitals, schools and public utilities, hitherto unknown in the Libyan desert economy.

WESTERN EUROPE

Slowing Down

Throughout its remarkable postwar prosperity, Western Europe has reacted fast to fight inflation. Lately, it may have overreacted: with country after country splashing cold water on overheated economies, icicles have started forming. After clipping along at a 5.6% pace in 1964, the Continent's overall economic growth rate dropped to 4% in each of the past two years, is likely to slow down in 1967 to 3.5%—the smallest increase in more than 15 years. And in many countries, incipient recession is a worse threat than inflation.

Basic to the situation is the fact that Western Europe's two biggest economic powers, West Germany and Great Britain, find themselves in slumps at the same time. Hoping to combat inflationary pressures and reverse nagging balance-of-payments deficits, Bonn and London deliberately moved last year to brake domestic demand, in Germany's case mainly by tightening credit, in Britain's by means of last July's sweeping price-wage freeze.

The measures have had the desired cooling effect—and then some. In West Germany, industrial production rose by only 1.7% in all of 1966, and not at all in the last three months of the year. With business investment declining

sharply, German unemployment jumped to 673,000 (or 3.1%) this month v. 269,000 a year ago. In Great Britain, moreover, the government's austerity program did not prevent the cost of living from soaring to an alltime high in mid-January. The British and German slowdowns have complicated the efforts of other European countries to steer their troubled economies on a course between inflation and recession. Examples:

- **BELGIUM.** With its obsolescent coal industry ailing and unemployment on the rise, Belgium expects to see its growth rate dip as low as 2% this year, v. 3.5% in 1966. At the same time, the country continues to be plagued by inflation and hefty government expenditures.

- **DENMARK.** Demand for Danish goods abroad has fallen, with agricultural exports especially hard hit by the country's continued exclusion from the Common Market. But consumption at home remains high. To curb inflationary spending and level out incomes, Prime Minister Jens Otto Krag's socialist government has proposed higher taxes.

- **FINLAND.** Helsinki's movie houses are doing big business, the reason being that Finns forsake more costly entertainment for the cinema when times get tough. Chief woes: tight money and the clamp in European markets for Finland's wood products, which account for 70% of all exports.

- **FRANCE.** The gross national product grew by a robust 5.5% last year, and is expected to do as well in 1967. But a few clouds are gathering. Though exports rose fast (10%) last year, imports increased even faster (15%). And with markets weakened in other European countries, France stands to see its bal-



DUTCH JOBLESS ON RELIEF PROJECT
Icebergs even in Sicily.

ance-of-payments surplus turn into a deficit before 1967 is out. Continued prosperity depends on France's ability to hold the line on prices.

• ITALY. Toughened by its 1964 slump, the Italian economy expanded last year (growth rate: 5.3%) with less inflation than it has had in years. The auto industry produced a record 1,366,000 cars; steel production increased by 8% while most European steelmakers were in decline. One danger is spending by local governments. Milan is the only major city with a balanced budget; in the Sicilian city of Messina (pop. 262,000), budgeted expenses exceeded revenues by a staggering 350%.

• THE NETHERLANDS. Because of sharp inflation and a mounting balance-of-payments deficit, the central bank has introduced hardline monetary policies. The result: the economy is cooling off considerably. Responding to the slowdown, local governments have started putting unemployed Dutchmen to work on public projects.

• NORWAY. Imports to satisfy Norway's craving for such consumer goods as television sets, cars and appliances led to a bigger trade deficit last year than had been expected. As a result, the populace is being urged to cut back on its spending; worried bankers are hoping that the coalition government will do the same.

• SPAIN. Years of unprecedented prosperity, besides sending Spain's annual economic growth rate soaring to 9%, have caused inevitable growing pains. To combat an alarming lurch toward inflation, the Franco regime last year introduced new monetary restraints and tightened up on installment-buying. Spanish workers have expressed their

discontent in a wave of walkouts, demonstrations and riots.

• SWEDEN. Unemployment, largely the result of troubles in the textile industry, has doubled (to 48,000) in the past year, but the biggest problem is still inflation—brought about in large part by government spending.

• SWITZERLAND. Price inflation remains a problem despite the country's three-year-old stabilization program. But Switzerland's economic growth rate, which slowed from 5.1% in 1964 to less than 3% last year, is expected to improve slightly in 1967, thanks in part to the elimination of restrictions on foreign investment.

For all the inflationary pressures that still exist, Western Europe's economy is more troubled by recessionary tugs. Whether the Continent's economic picture improves in 1967, says Common Market Vice President Robert Marjolin, depends almost entirely on "how business shapes up in Germany." To stimulate the economy, Bonn's Bundesbank last month lowered the country's bank rate from 5% to 4.5%; last week reduced it to a flat 4%. Though he welcomes such stimulants as "the first signs of a change in the economic trend," West German Economics Minister Karl Schiller cautiously adds that "there is no reason for hasty optimism."

ITALY

The Renaissance

C. Olivetti & Co. sprang a surprise at last week's annual shareholders' meeting. First, in a country where fiscal secrecy is the rule, there were some proud announcements of sales and earnings. For the Italian mother company, profits rose from \$7,000,000 in '65 to nearly \$11 million in '66. Worldwide, Olivetti

sales last year reached \$508 million, up \$62 million over '65. (Observers estimate that Olivetti's global profits were \$16 million last year, up about 40%.) Next came the surprise: a change of top-level management in the wake of success. Out as chief executive officer went Aurelio Peccei, 58, the man generally credited with Olivetti's recent resurgence. He was named to the honorary post of vice chairman. Appointed joint managing directors were Robert Olivetti, 38, grandson of the company's founder, and Bruno Jarach, 55, an engineer risen through the ranks.

Olivetti's 52,892 employees make and sell typewriters, special-purpose adding and calculating machines, teleprinters, accounting machines, small electronic computers and steel office furniture. The company has seven factories in Italy, others in the U.S. (through the subsidiary Olivetti-Underwood Corp.), Scotland, Spain, Canada, Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia and South Africa. Three years ago, Olivetti was in real trouble. It had to pump millions into Olivetti-Underwood. It was also afflicted by Olivetti family feuding, swelling costs, and a painful Italian recession. New life came in 1964 when a syndicate headed by Fiat's Giovanni Agnelli put \$50 million into Olivetti stock, installed Peccei, rising Fiat executive, as managing director.

He streamlined Olivetti's operations, cut losses, started making money again. Increasingly adaptable, Olivetti is negotiating construction of a calculator factory in Russia, plans new plants in Argentina, Brazil and Harrisburg, Pa.

With all that done and doing, Peccei, who has retained a top management job with Fiat, feels he has met his challenge at Olivetti: wants to devote more time to personal interests.



OLIVETTI



PECCEI



TYPEWRITER PRODUCTION AT IRVEA, ITALY
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MILESTONES

Married. Raquel Welch, 24, would-be actress (*Fantastic Voyage*) and full-time cover girl, at least in Europe, where she reigns as undisputed queen of the newsstands; and Patrick Curtis, 32, her business manager and steady house guest: she for the second time; in a civil ceremony in Paris, for which she wore a white peacock minidress over a flesh-colored body stocking.

Married. Claude Roy Kirk Jr., 41, Florida's first Republican Governor since 1872; and Erika Mittfeld, 32, a dashing German-born blonde; he for the third time, she for the second: in Palm Beach.

Died. Francis Joseph ("Muggsy") Spanier, 60, another of Dixieland's good men tried and true, a cornetist who in the 1920s and early '30s was the rage of Chicago speakeasy society, went on to tour the land with Ted Lewis, Ben Pollack, and eventually with his own Dixieland band, surviving hop and all the new styles until 1964 when ill health forced his retirement; of a heart disease; in Sausalito, Calif.

Died. J. Robert Oppenheimer, 63, renowned wartime atomic physicist and center of a subsequent storm over his loyalty; after a long illness; in Princeton, N.J. Tall, thin and reserved, the son of German immigrants, Oppenheimer was a pioneer student of relativity and quantum theory at Caltech in 1943 when he was called upon to lead the Los Alamos scientists in their race to give the U.S. the world's first nuclear weapon. It was a task he discharged brilliantly, and then in peacetime, as chief adviser to the A.E.C., turned around to argue bitterly against carrying on with the vastly more powerful hydrogen bomb. His stand, along with disclosure of his past left-wing association, stirred a nationwide controversy that culminated in 1954 with the revocation of his security clearance, after which he returned to academic director of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, seeking, as he recently said, "an understanding, both historical and philosophical, of what the sciences have brought human life."

Died. Samuel Briskman, 70, a one-time Manhattan textile merchant who in 1931, while tinkering with two bread knives, devised a saw-toothed scissors that kept fabrics from unraveling by cutting a zigzag line, thereby earning himself a fortune in the manufacture of what became known as pinking shears; of a heart attack; in Miami Beach.

Died. William C. Bullitt, 76, U.S. diplomat who left his imprint on history between the great wars; of leukemia; in Neuilly, France. Born into a wealthy Philadelphia family, he was a man of

adrenal energy and immense flair, headstrong in his personal relationships (two marriages), fierce in his ambitions, spectacular in his causes and dissents. At 28, he was at the Versailles peace table with Woodrow Wilson, then returned in disenchantment to tell the Senate that Wilson's treaty would only deliver the world to "a new century of war." In 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed him first U.S. Ambassador to Soviet Russia—and Bullitt swiftly told off his hosts with sharp criticisms of the police state. From 1936 to 1941, he was in Paris, now "the champagne ambassador," cutting a social swath unequalled before or since—and deluging Washington with memos warning against the rise of Nazi Germany and the dry rot in France. Largely retired after World War II, he spoke out for a U.S. naval blockade of Red China during the Korean War, sought support for invasion by Chiang Kai-shek. Only last month his name was in the headlines with the publication of *Thomas Woodrow Wilson—A Psychological Study*, a sharply critical analysis written in 1939 with Sigmund Freud. He was, as a biographer once noted, "a man who never tastes the peace of indifference."

Died. The Rev. A. J. Muste, 82, militant U.S. pacifist, a tall, deceptively soft-spoken Protestant clergyman who was noted for saying in 1940, "If I can't love Hitler, I can't love at all," later, in 1958, for sailing through the U.S. Pacific nuclear zone while tests were under way, and most recently as one of three clergymen received by Ho Chi Minh during their January "peace mission" to Hanoi; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Sig Ruman, 82, German-born character actor whose fate it was to become Hollywood's idea of the typical "Kraut," the beefy, blustering, blundering seriocomic German, a role he played in endless films, most notably as Sergeant Schultz in 1953's *Stalag 17*; of a heart attack; in Julian, Calif.

Died. Frank J. Scholl, 83, a name to ease the pain for uncounted millions of bunioned, bunioned and otherwise footsore folk, who in 1904, with his brother William, a physician and inventor, started peddling the line of plasters, pads and Foot-Easer supports that now sells around the world at the rate of \$30 million annually; of pneumonia; in Chicago.

Died. J. Frank Duryea, 97, co-designer with his brother Charles of the U.S.'s first gasoline-powered automobile, who in 1893 contrived a horseless carriage powered by a single-cylinder engine hooked up to the wheels by a leather belt, bucked and bumped 200 ft. down the street in Springfield, Mass., before the contraption broke; of arteriosclerosis; in Old Saybrook, Conn.



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CINEMA



QUINN & LISI IN "HOUR"
Candide in prison.

The Bright Side of the Ax

The 25th Hour. One fine day in the summer of 1939, a young Rumanian farmer with an iron arm and a wooden head jumps happily into his hay wagon and goes rattling away to the nearest market town. "Keep the bricks wet," he calls out to his wife. "I'll be back this afternoon." She keeps the bricks wet, but he does not come back that afternoon. She does not see him again until the bricks and both their lives and all of Europe have been ground to rubble under the German jackboot.

In this pacifist parable based on C. Virgil Gheorghiu's 1950 novel, the peasant hero is presented as an inexorably cheerful Candide who earnestly tries to say something favorable about World War II but merely sounds like a man looking on the bright side of the ax that is cutting his head off.

The minute he arrives in town, the farmer (Anthony Quinn) suffers the first assault on his indomitable optimism. On orders from the local chief of police (Gregoire Aslan), who would like to tear up the *mazere* patch with the farmer's wife (Virna Lisi), the grinning lout is arrested and shipped off to a labor camp for Jews. "But I am not a Jew," he protests. "My son," an old Jew replies gently, "we live in a world where any human being can become a Jew at any moment." That seems to satisfy this pea-brained pollyanna, who is blissfully happy to be a slave and can't understand why his companions aren't. "Look," he implores them, "look what a nice camp we're building!"

In Hungary a year later, the cheery clod is arrested once more. He is tortured by the Gestapo and condemned to a German labor camp, but he soon finds an excuse to see the misfortune as a blessing in disguise. Recognized by the camp commandant as a pure Aryan type, he is set free and inducted into the SS. After the war, to be sure, his SS-mimication arouses suspicion, and he is sentenced to a long prison term. But then, he reasons, if he had not been brought

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to trial, his wife would not have seen his face in the paper and he might not have seen his family again.

All's well that ends well? The question is asked too often and too clumsily by a script that often muddles a magnificent theme and by principals who act as if they were reading the daily yoghurt-production report on Radio Bucharest. Yet in the film's final scene, the question is put again with inquisitorial ferocity. Reunited with his wife at last, the hero finds her a middle-aged ruin, with skin like cracked mud and a rapist's baby in her arms. In her eyes he sees the wreath that horror and hardship have made of him. At that instant, a newsman arrives to take a picture of them. "Everybody smile!" the photographer hollers with a snarling cheeriness that the horrified hero sees as a caricature of his own mindless optimism. "Keep smiling! Keep smiling!"



DEVON & MAHARIS IN "COVENANT"
Man in the making.

Crisis of Character

A Covenant with Death. Some people think character is an old-fashioned word. In this seemingly modest melodrama, Director Lamont Johnson ambitiously attempts to bring the word up to date—to say what is wrong with an all-too-average American male, and what he has to do to make himself a man.

The man in the making is a small-town lawyer (George Maharis) who at 29 is appointed to the bench. He has the training but he lacks the character for the job. He still lives at home with a matriarchal mother (Kathy Jurado) and keeps company with a girl friend (Laura Devon) who seems less interested in him than in what he can give her—"a home and kids and a sensible car."

The new judge, in short, is a boy who has been sent to do a man's work; but the work quickly forces him to grow up. A man convicted of killing his wife runs amok on his hanging day and kills the executioner. Before a new hangman can be brought in, another man confesses to the original murder. Acquitted of that crime, the husband is then accused of murdering the hang-

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man. The legal dilemma that confronts the young judge: Does a man have the right to kill a representative of justice in self-defense, in order to prevent a miscarriage of justice?

In facing up to his dilemma, the hero must also face up to his unmanliness. The theme is not original, but in scenes that conquer the cliché, the hero gives his girl friend the gate and reads his mother the riot act: "Leave me alone. A man's life is in my hands. And so is my own." A few days later, right or wrong, the young judge delivers judgment and takes his place as a man in the world of men.

The Rock & the Rats

Tobruk is a movie for the ages—the teen-agers that think of World War II as just another chapter in their high school history courses. Here it is again, kids, meticulously re-created with tanks, cannons and prop-driven airplanes, just the way it happened back in 1942 when the Allies were trying to blow up Rommel's fuel supply. The campaign in the Sahara Desert crosses a wasteland so real you could swear you were on location in California. There are sun-tanned battalions, a band of Italians, Allied traitors, German haters—there's everything but suspense. How can the English lose when they have The Rock?

And what a Rock! As a Canadian officer on duty with Britain's Desert Rats he nurtures a virile stubble and seldom lets his baritone betray emotion, whether he is spraying the Germans with his flamethrower or trading insults with a grain-of-Sandhurst major (Nigel Green). From first fade-in to final fade-out, Rock more than lives up to his name.

And kids, if you act now, you can thrill to the wide-screene, Technicolor destruction of the Nazi fuel depot as millions of gallons of burning petrol light up the sky. There hasn't been so much oil on the screen since the last closeup of Elvis Presley's hair.



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BOOKS

Funagain

A SHORTER FINNEGANS WAKE by James Joyce, edited by Anthony Burgess. 256 pages Viking. \$6.

Even the Irish, with their taste for enjoying their troubles, admit that a wake can go on too long for everybody but the corpse. And *Finnegans Wake* is the longest wake in history. It is also the most congested wake in history: hundreds of fictional and historical characters dance attendance on poor Finnegans as he is laid out over 628 pages.

These and other things have not helped its readers in the 28 years since James Joyce's labyrinthine masterpiece was published. Its comic genius is buried in a mountainous midden of language that is neither English nor Irish. Nor, for that matter, is it any other European tongue. It is all of them at once—"Furish," a maze of European tongues, polylingual puns, multiple meanings, parodies, philosophy, public events and private jokes, and a multitude of characters, real and imaginary, in a span of time from Genesis to Judgment Day.

Bravely, Britain's Anthony Burgess, novelist (*A Clockwork Orange*) and Joyce scholar (*Re Joyce*), has threaded the labyrinth, determined to demonstrate that *Finnegans Wake* is more than just a grammarian's funeral. He has reduced the text by about two-thirds, added an introduction that is admirable for clarity, good sense and erudition, and has placed commentaries here and there to help any dog-Latinist through the Joycean style. Even so, the plain reader (if such exists) will soon find himself in waters deeper than the River Liffey.

Vico's Cycle. In brisk, schoolmasterly fashion (both Burgess and Joyce once taught school), Burgess expounds, for those who came in late, the ABC's of *Wake*. The structure of the book, he explains, follows the four-cycle theory of history devised by the Italian philosopher Giovanni Battista Vico (1668-1774), in which human societies progress through the four stages of theocracy, aristocracy, democracy and *ricorso* (or recurrence). The title of the book is itself a Joycean wordplay. "Finn (*fin* or *finis*) -egan" could mean "end again," suggesting the completion of Vico's cycle, while "Wake" suggests rising from sleep, or beginning life again.

Bearing out that notion, the book deals directly with a man who is made to "relive the whole of history in a single night's sleep." He is a pubkeeper named Porter, but his Freudian alias in the dream is Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. Why Earwicker? Well, Porter's night life is invaded by an incestuous passion for his daughter Isobel (Isoult-Isolde). The inadmissible word "incest" sneaks by as "insect," specifically "earwig." Thus the odd name, says Burgess, is "dreamily appropriate."

Furthermore, in Humphrey Chimp-

den Earwicker, "we have the hump of sexual guilt he carries on his back (he is a different porter now), a hint of the ape, and more than a hint of the insect." To the straightforward reader, it may appear that the explanation only compounds the problem, especially when Burgess points out that the French for "earwig" is *perré-oreille*, which "is Hebraicized into Perso O'Reilly," a name appropriate to H. C. Earwicker's dream career as an Irish patriot. His initials also mean "Here Comes Everybody" (turning the sleeper into Everyman) and "Haveth Children Everywhere" (making him Adams, father of all living). Once the reader gets the hang of this, the possibilities are endless: H.C.E. can also stand for "Human

ity: "A book about a dream would be false if it made everything as clear as daylight. If it woke up and became rational it would no longer be *Finnegans Wake*." True enough, but a more serious charge is that the dream of H. C. Earwicker does not in fact follow a dream-like logic but conforms to the logic imposed upon it by the esthetic, moral and historical theories of James Joyce.

Burgess uneasily concedes this point against his master by saying that Joyce simply imposed his dream upon the dreamer—which is, after all, an author's prerogative. What Joyce imposed, however, was less a dream than a highly conscious apparatus of thought, scholarship and linguistic virtuosity.

Tongue Ties. It has often been said that Joyce's titanic creative labors have liberated the language. They have done nothing of the sort; the language is incapable of liberty, one man's tongue being tied to the next man's ear. But if Joyce failed to liberate the language, instead attempting to make it his private domain, he did try to overthrow the English ascendancy of grammar and set up his own fabulous linguistic kingdom.

Finnegans Wake represents the failure of that grandiloquent scheme. But it is a failure so brilliant that it can still illuminate the mind and gladden the spirit of all who do not regard words as mere tokens or tools, who see them as playthings capable of magic, creating awe by liturgy, or laughter by a conjurer's sleight of alphabet.

One Man's Family

THE ARRANGEMENT by Elia Kazan. 444 pages Stein & Day. \$6.95.

Can the sensitive, cigarette huckster son of a despotic Greek rug dealer find happiness with the sleep-around daughter of a small-town Dixie bigot? Well, sort of. If you give him 444 pages to work up to it.

A more important question is: How did Director Elia Kazan, whose *America America* was a moving and perceptive first novel, come to manufacture this muddled, massive mistake? Perhaps the answer lies in Kazan's past as an Academy Award-winning film maker. His publishers tried to make the most of it by throwing a splashy show-biz-style, pre-publication party aboard the liner *France* in New York Harbor, drawing everybody from Tennessee Williams to Andy Warhol; on paper, Kazan tries to make the most of it with splashy writing, dream sequences, yellowed letters, soliloquies to mirrors, toys-in-the-attic flashbacks, instant psychoanalysis, prose more often stream than consciousness. Only a few broadly nostalgic childhood scenes hint of Kazan's larger writing talent.

Protagonist of all this dubious effort is a middle-aged account executive, Eddie Anderson, who was born Evangelos Iopoulos. A would-be Tolstoy reduced to pushing Zephyr cigarettes for an advertising agency, Eddie also moonlights as Edward Arniss, writer of



ANTHONY BURGESS
To mine the midden.

Conger Eel" and a hypothetical chemical formula, H.C.E. As a game, it beats parlor (or bedroom) psychoanalysis.

Dream Logic. With such details in mind, and with Burgess' assurance that Joyce was not a deliberate mystifier but "an intellectually superior writer unwilling to compromise with subject matter of great complexity," the reader is presumably in shape to cope with the first sentence of *Wake*: "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs"—reference, on one level, to the Liffey, which runs past Adam and Eve's Church and Howth Castle in Dublin, and, on another level, to the beginning of mankind's story. And the reader will be wiser when he reaches the end: "Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here Us then. Finn, again!"

Burgess defends *Wake* against the obvious objection that it lacks intelligibility:



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a guard—and then only to visit a man who is either his warder or his psychiatrist. Y has come to think of this man as the Hen, and his prison as the Henhouse. At first, the sessions between Y and warder seem to be a form of psychotherapy. But there is something sinister in the Hen's objective; he seems to want Y to wallow in instances of minor childhood sadism. When Y balks and refuses to go to sessions, he is methodically starved. Only when his litanies of guilt sound convincing to the Hen is he introduced to a group of others like himself. Y quickly becomes their natural leader and soon decides that he, too, would make a good Hen. Then, during a Kafkaesque hearing, Y fails the crucial test: asked if he is convinced of amorphous guilt, he blurts out, "No." He is convicted of "the heresy of innocence," and sentenced to return to the real world.

Metaphysical Mystery. The reader is told nothing of Y's origin or personality: he is an abstraction. There are no women in the novel, and sex is never mentioned. Just before the trial scene, however, the book offers a few clues to Y's whereabouts. Y admits to himself that he sought out the Henhouse; that he is responsible for allowing it to become a prison; that when he visualized himself as another Hen, what he really wanted was to remain a part of the system. Finally, he realizes that before he can assert his autonomy, he must relinquish the whole institutional Henhouse world and reject the paternalistic hand of psychiatry, which first helped him but now threatens to smother him. Y's journey has taken him from neurotic dependency and rebellion to a point where he can think and act on his own.

"This novel tells a story with a beginning, a middle and an end," the publishers note hopefully on the dust jacket and, surprisingly, they are correct. Though the book contains some formidable obfuscations and heavy-handed symbolism, Peter Israel writes sharp well-paced prose, and he has constructed his story as skillfully as a good mystery writer. What he has written, in fact, is a metaphysical mystery in which psychiatry plays the role of an enigmatic sleuth.

"C'Est Moi"

INTIMATE NOTEBOOK 1840-1841 by Gustave Flaubert. 60 pages. Doubleday, \$4.

If the parents of 17-year-old Gustave Flaubert had sneaked a look at their son's private journal, they might never have urged him to study for the law. Fortunately for Flaubert and for his future readers, he defied his parents and chose to keep on writing.

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Steegmuller makes it clear once more that even in his callow teens Flaubert was headed for literary greatness.

Despairing Challenge. "I remember that before I was ten I had already begun to write," the young Flaubert reminds himself. "I dreamed of the splendors of genius, lighted hall, applause, wreaths—if you knew what my vanity is—what a savage vulture, how it eats my heart." He agonizes over "the poverty of languages, which have scarcely one word for a hundred thoughts." And he asks: "Do you ever utter a sentence just as you think it? Will you write a novel as you have conceived it?"

To be sure, many aspiring young writers hurl such despairing challenges at themselves, brood majestically over the paradoxes of life and mistake old mysteries for freshly discovered insights:



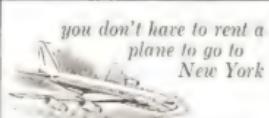
FLAUBERT BY DELAUNAY
Pride goeth before genius.

"The history of the world is a farce," announces Flaubert. "I believe that humanity has but one objective: to suffer."

Ingenuous Fountain. Having failed at the law, Flaubert immersed himself in an anchorite's life. He remained a resolute bachelor. Except for his novels—*Nombré*, *L'Education Sentimentale*, *Madame Bovary*, *Salammbô*—he scarcely existed at all. His books became his life, and he built them almost entirely from the impressions so passionately and imperfectly recorded in his diary.

As Steegmuller notes, the themes of Flaubert's mature novels "are themes that had already engrossed him in his youthful writings." So too with his experiences. "Emma Bovary's great night of dancing at the Château de la Vaubryessard," for example, is directly traceable to the journal, in which Flaubert reminisces briefly about a ball at the château of the Marquis de Pomeré.

"Everything I do, I do to please myself," the young diarist wrote. "If I write



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something, it is to be able to read myself; it I dress, it is to look well in my own eyes. I smile at myself in the mirror to be amiable to myself. Ah! My pride, my pride."

Plumbert never erased that self-appraisal. Its vanity, its self-obsession would later be reflected in the tragic contours of the woman of whom her creator liked to say: "Emma Bovary —c'est moi."

Harlem Idiom

GO DOWN DEAD by Shane Stevens
236 pages. Morrow. \$4.95.

At 16, Adam Clayton Henry is loaded with esoteric knowledge learned from life, not books. He knows the rituals and rules of gang fighting, which are as elaborate as the code duello. He plays it cool under the scrutiny of the head-breakers (police) and can find his way to black-and-white parties in Greenwich Village pads. He knows every malodorous inch of the eight-block Harlem area that is the Playboys' turf, and he has earned the nickname "King" by taking over the leadership of the gang from Raven, who had fatally misjudged a leap from one tenement rooftop to another.

This first novel, which relates eight days in King's life, contains enough action—both lethal and sexual—to flesh out a sociological study of Harlem, and enough primitivity to outfit a platoon of Marines. Shane Stevens has invented an idiom for his swaggering teen-agers that gives pungency to King's occasional meditations. On school, for example: "Everyone shouting and screaming and nobody care about what they is going on. But at least it somewhere to stay away from when they make you go." And on the purpose of fighting gangs: "In this bizness you got have a place of you own and a chain of command and all that. Everything go by the book. Then you get a name. And when you get the name maybe you can stay live a while. Thas why most men get in games. To stay live. Thas why the games form in the first place."

King emerges as a well-realized character, but the rest of his gang rims to stereotype. Dancer is the resident intellectual because he "listen to TV news and he even read a name clear through sometime". Moose looks like a moose and thinks like one; and Morris, whose specialty is filming stag movies, runs periodic training drives to get fresh talent, male and female, white and black.

It requires considerable daring and talent for a writer to render the nuances and idiom of Harlem life. Shane Stevens, 28, deserves praise for his achievement, especially because he is a white man. His Harlem mood, at times funny but mostly depressing and barbed with the hopeless hostilities of the ghetto people, will shock and sober white readers. As to the authenticity of character and action, hardly anyone outside Harlem can really judge.

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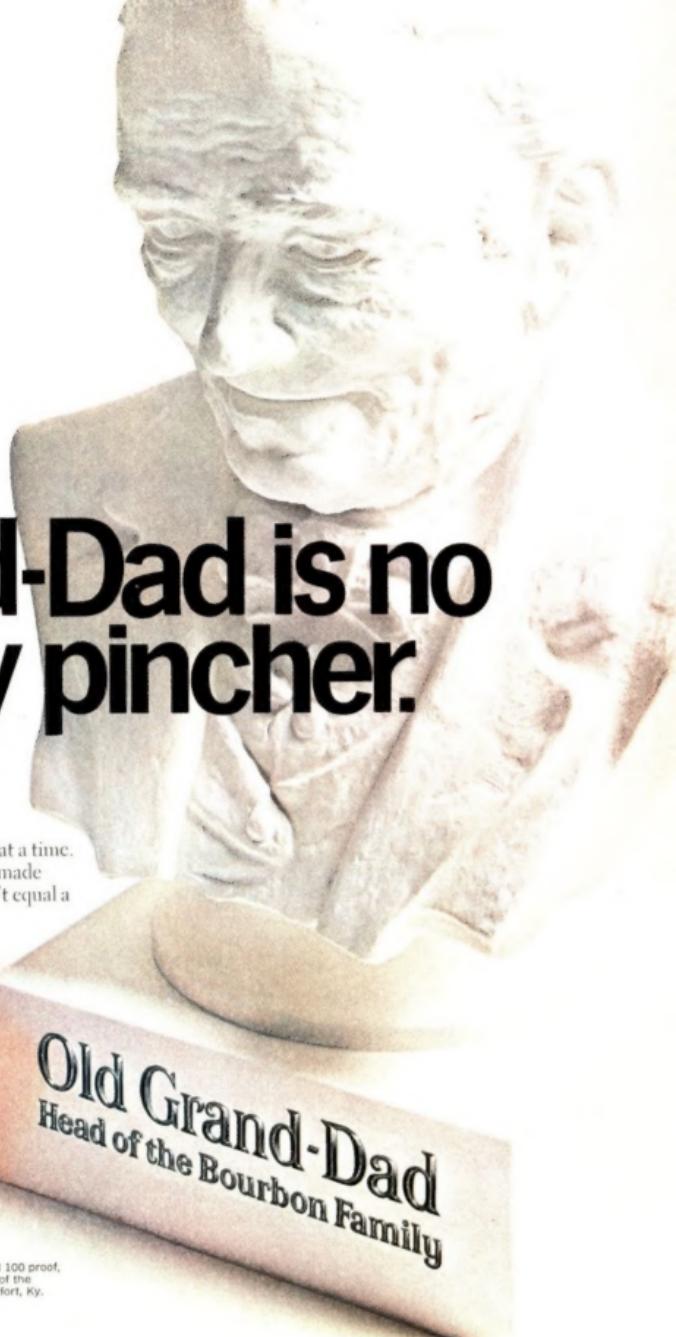
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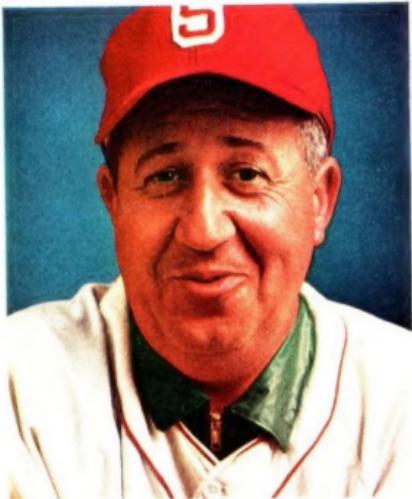
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